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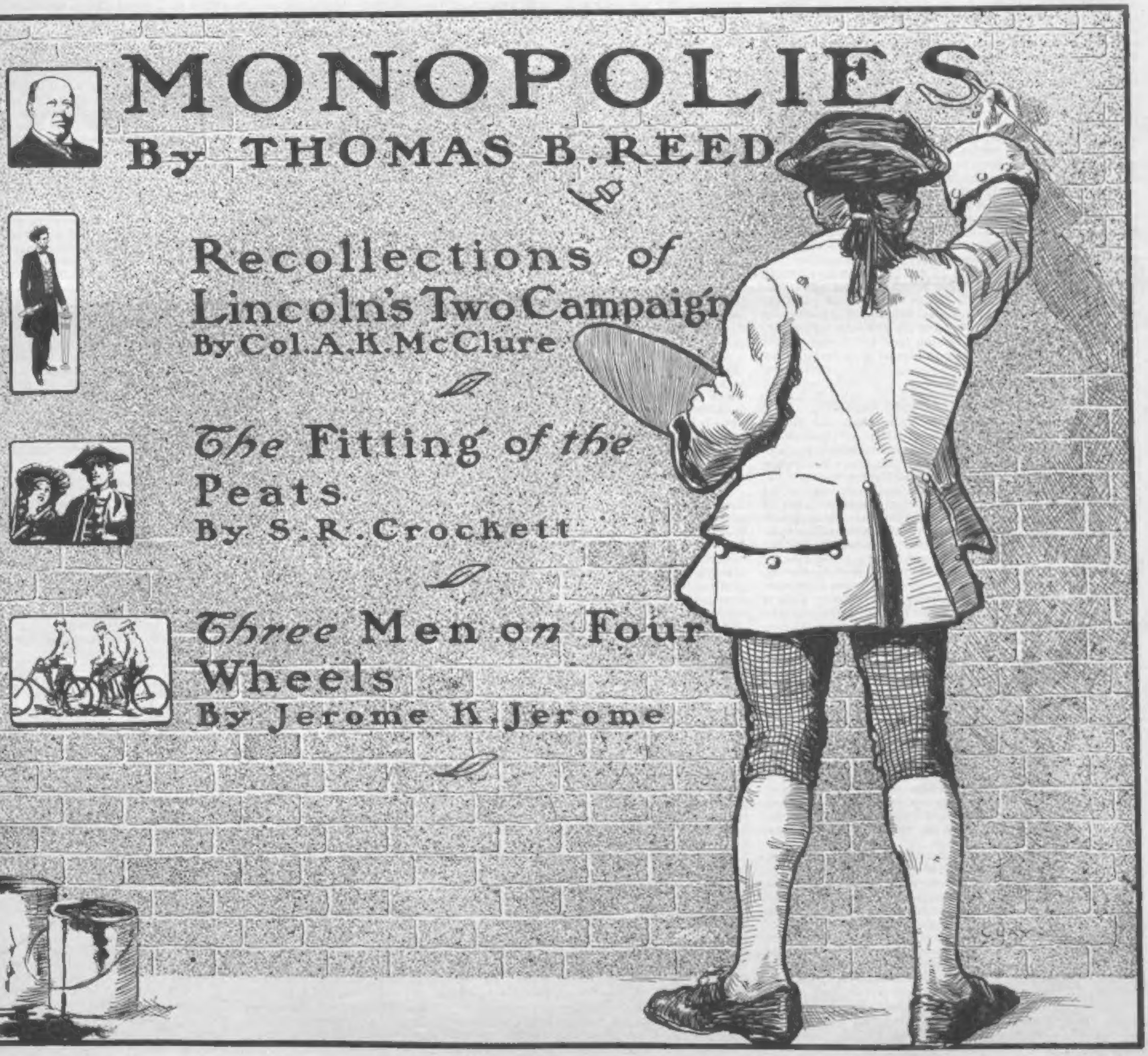
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MONOPOLIES

By Thomas B. Reed

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WORDS in any language are not definite. They mean, too often, different things to the speaker and to the hearer, though both assume that they mean the same. Words, too, are often laden, especially in the popular mind, with the sorrows of other days—sorrows which have passed away, but the memories of which have survived. Words, again, are epithets, and are easier to utter than descriptions carefully framed to convey true ideas. Descriptions require thought, and appeal to the mind; reproaches only appeal to habits of thought. There are some words used in discussion of the modern methods of doing business which not only have the indefiniteness of all words, but have in addition associations which are misleading and confusing. They are epithets for reproach and not language for explanation.

A great many years ago, all over the world, there were real monopolies, things to be tolerated only in barbaric times, by which noblemen and high statesmen were enriched at the expense of people so poor that we have in our day no conception of their lives or of their misery. Singularly enough, the reign of her whom we call "Good Queen Bess" was one of the worst of all in English history for the establishment of monopolies and exclusive rights.

A real monopoly without limit of time is a thing not to be endured, and never has been endured. The divine right of Kings, even when apparently sanctioned by all human agreement, was never powerful enough to keep it alive. Even in despotic ages it could not be maintained even among peoples who bent willingly to the King's prerogative. Like all other things, it had to yield to the laws of human nature. Human selfishness is universal, and can be curbed only by selfishness itself. Where the selfishness of a few is intrusted with unlimited power and buttressed up by all the power of the State formally enlisted in its behalf, it has never been able to resist successfully the selfishness of all. In other words, the selfishness of a few is always met and mastered by that greater power, the selfishness of all. The struggle may be long and may seem doubtful, but it never is so in the result. All history is full of examples. For hundreds of years the unprivileged seemed in France to be struggling hopelessly against the privileged, and the story was the most melancholy in the history of the world; but the final result was liberty and equality. Nowadays there can be no such prolongation of the fight.

A MONOPOLY TO WHICH NO ONE OBJECTS

We still have monopolies; but they are limited in time or are governmental in their character. With the Government monopolies we have no concern at present, though some of them have been the subject of fierce struggle in times gone by. Taxes used to be farmed out and great burdens laid upon the people, forcing them to contribute, sometimes beyond human endurance, to enable superintendents of finance and postmasters-general to revel in wealth, to live in stately palaces, and excite human envy by luxurious festivals. The post-office with us is a Government monopoly, but the only way this affects the people unfavorably is by making them pay from six to twelve millions of deficit every year for the benefit of those whose mail is carried for less than cost. There have been times in the history of the country when it was made much of a question whether this whole business should not be turned over to private enterprise; and no less a man than Horace Greeley was its most earnest advocate. Had it been a mere question of prompt and proper service, especially in regions where a full population would have made it pay, much could well have been said in favor of that view. But a nation in its relations with the post-office has many other requirements besides those of business letters, and especially is this so in a nation of the broad expanse of the United States, where the citizens of one State are not only in theory the citizens of the whole country, but are likely in fact to become citizens of any other State. It is for the interest of a nation like ours to facilitate communication between the different parts because it is another bond of union between regions so widely separated. Therefore was it wise to make postage uniform at three cents all over the Union, and then equally wise to reduce it to the two-cent level.

Of such a monopoly nobody can successfully complain, and nobody tries to do it either successfully or unsuccessfully.

Government has itself everywhere established another set of monopolies, and they have the sanction of the Constitution itself, and that sanction is fully justified by the history of the world's progress. Nevertheless, these monopolies are oftentimes the subject of the same abuse as the bad, old monopolies which not only ground the faces of the poor, but afforded them not the slightest compensation. The monopolies to which I refer are those which are the result of copyright and patents. Of copyrights I shall not speak because they are the subject of very little public comment, and the largest complaint comes from those to whom they are not granted rather than from the people who pay for those which are granted.

THE MONOPOLY GRANTED TO INVENTORS

The Constitution provides that if any inventor make a discovery he shall have the exclusive right to it for a limited term of years. For this limited time, this right of discovery thus recognized becomes to the inventor a monopoly protected by the laws of the country, by all the enginery of courts and all the power of the United States. No other person not authorized by the inventor may make, or use, or sell it. The inventor levies upon the public whatever tribute he sees fit. It is his right to do with it what he pleases. At the end of the limited time it becomes the property of the public, and the monopoly of the inventor wholly ceases.

One would think that this was very simple, but human selfishness, at once the maker and the destroyer of things, steps in and begins to do its work, and the inventor finds that he needs all the aid of the Government to save his rights. A new discovery leaves open all that was known before. Men lose nothing they had before. If a man had invented a whole steam engine and a whole railroad train and the tracks also all at once, it would have left open any other method of transportation which formerly existed. The world would be no worse off if not a car wheel was turned, yet if the inventor should ask a large price for transportation, even if it were but one-half what the old transportation cost, there would be outcry and disturbance at once. Yet it is for the advantage of all that patents are granted. If men can be so stimulated by the offer of a monopoly for a few years that new discoveries can be made to lessen cost, the world loses nothing and gains much by the bargain. It gives the man the product of his brain for fourteen years and takes for itself all the remaining years. Yet there is always a most unreasoning eagerness to refuse to let the inventor have his fourteen years in peace. In theory, the inventor of the railroad train would seem to be entitled to charge for his fourteen years what people paid for the old system of carriage. His genius has made the difference and ought to have the difference. But there are two things which step in and wake him from his dream of bliss. In the first place, he cannot invent all the new ways of doing the carriage. Even his own effort, beyond which he cannot go, lights up the pathway of a greater than he. Then by the laws of trade the highest price is seldom or never the most remunerative price. More things at a less price may outvalue fewer things at a larger price. So even during the life of a patent, the period during which it is a monopoly, we are greatly protected by natural laws from the inventor's unreason. Moreover, he has to divide his profits with makers and promoters and, in the end, with all of us.

It is a strange thing how quickly profits escape from the one who seems to own them to the public at large. Sooner or later all discoveries enure to the benefit of us all. Even when Bessemer took more than one million of toll for his invention of a way of making steel in large quantities, it was not a tenth of one per cent. of what the whole world made out of it in his own lifetime.

VAST CORPORATIONS A RESULT OF GROWING CIVILIZATION

But all this is but preliminary to what ought to be said about monopolies, or rather what are called such in popular parlance. What are for the most part called monopolies to-day are simply corporations formed for the transaction of business, and which seem likely in popular estimation, by reason of their great size and large capitalization, to become a menace, first, to the liberty of trade, and secondly to our personal liberties. To study the probable effect of these companies in these directions, perhaps the best way is to understand what they are in their very nature. In speaking of them I shall not speak of railroad corporations except to show that they and their history throw very little light upon the questions of which we are seeking the solution. Railroads are not only corporations; they are something more. In some States they are not monopolies, for rivals may have the same rights. In other States they are monopolies, subject to the possibility of the Legislature or Railroad Commissioners granting a rival charter. But whether they are strictly monopolies or not the people are too much concerned in their business and all other affairs of life to give up due and proper control of their relations with the communities through which they pass. At present there is little discussion about them, though there is still on the part of the people a demand for lower freights, and on the part of the railroads a struggle for lower net cost of doing their work to meet the claim for lower freights. Of course I am aware that a rush of business enables from time to time higher prices to be made for all things, but in the long run nothing but wages increase. All other things go down.

Outside of railroad corporations, and perhaps some others performing public or quasi-public functions, it sums up corporations in a broad way to say that they are merely methods of doing business. They were the natural invention of the growing complication of human affairs, the result of growing civilization. In the first origin of things a man did business alone. He put out the labor and took the income, and when he died the business ended. By and by men acted in concert. They assumed partnership relations, and with larger capital assumed larger responsibilities. Partnership did its work well for a long time, but had great disadvantages. Death of one of the partners forced a settlement of all their affairs. In their business each one was liable not only for what he put in, but for all he had outside. There was no way of limiting liability. Partners were also, in the nature of things, practically limited in number. If there were a large number the danger of being wrecked by the imprudence of any one would be increased with the number, for each one was the agent of all. Moreover, there was much capital in the world which could not be obtained for a partnership because the owner did not wish to be a partner and look after the business, and did not desire to hazard in a business he was not looking after not only what he put in, but all he had in the world.

PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF CORPORATE METHODS

In this state of things a corporation naturally took the place of a partnership as a method of doing business. As stockholders in a corporation men could put in the money they wanted to risk and yet not imperil that which they refused to risk. Under this same class came the people who had small amounts, who wished to invest; a corporation could take in a stray hundred or thousand and a partnership could not. When a stockholder died nothing happened to the method of doing business. No probate court intervened. The heir took it or sold it and the change disturbed nothing. Instead of everybody, as in a partnership, having a right to involve everybody else in danger, the officers of the corporation alone had that right, and even their power was limited to the sum put in. Such were the great advantages of the corporate way of doing business that it is a great tribute to the conservative character of mankind that it is only in the last two decades that ordinary business has adopted that method.

Thus described—and the description seems to be a correct one—there is very little in a corporation to deserve the doubt and suspicion with which it has been so often treated, especially in the harangues of those who trade upon the weakness of mankind. Undoubtedly there are reasons for the feeling about corporations, arising from the fact that corporations in their dealings with mankind are less conciliatory and put themselves under general rules more closely than men who manage smaller things by the method of a partnership. It is often said that corporations have no souls. That is true, but the stockholders have, and the workmen also, and the latter are just beginning to find out that profits are the mother of wages. Singularly enough, none of the public talk which has been made about corporations on account of their having no souls has ever ventured a single sentence in favor of either the stockholder or the employee, both of whom undoubtedly have souls. The fact is, that arguments on this subject, like most arguments in this world, proceed by indirection.

COMMON METHODS OF ARGUMENT

In politics, if you want to defeat a man because he is a bad lot, a thief or a knave, don't say that. Explain how he comes from the wrong town, that he is a good man himself, but don't you think Smith has too much of his society, and you know what a blackguard Smith is. When people of skill come before Congress to get lower freights in order to make more money in their business, they never mention greed on their part at all, but talk about the heinousness of watering stock and the giving to railroads the power of taxation. Railroads in their turn never reply that stock-watering, while it may be deadly on investors, cannot create a cent of taxation on the people. They talk of their rights and of robbery, as if their rights could ever be in derogation of the people's rights, or they could ever be robbed by justice. Nobody, however, can complain of what advocates may say. They have to adapt themselves to their auditors; but when the people sit as judges they ought to know not arguments only, or epithets, but facts and sound reasons. They ought not to let themselves be misled by specious talk, but ought to rest upon the basis of real conditions.

THE DECEMBER FLOOD IN WALL STREET

The misdirection of energy against what is called watering of stock has led to false results. Watering stock, where stock really is watered, is a crime, not against the whole community, but a crime against investors. It is a species of assertion as to them that property is worth what the stock represents in figures. So far as the community at large is concerned, that deceit rectifies itself. If it is water, the first squeeze in the market takes it all out, and more, too. Last December Wall Street showed a practical and costly proof of what has been said. Water flowed down both sides of the Street.

The popular notion is that the proposed and nominal capital is the basis of earnings, that the company can tax the people to pay on any amount named, but in real life what the plant and good-will is worth is the sole basis of profits. Undoubtedly there are stocks issued above that value, but such stock issue is merely an anticipation of success if they are honestly valued, hoping if the success comes the modesty

of the nominal dividend may avoid human envy and consequent unreasonable attack. Of course the owners could and ought to meet the future success by a larger per cent. of dividends on the real cost, but dodging behind bushes is not confined to savages. The amount that a private corporation may make ought not to be limited any more than the amount a private partnership may make. The idea that the amount a man should make should be limited to four per cent., the average value of capital, might perhaps be speciously defended if there were along with it the correlative idea that if he did not make four per cent. the people would furnish the balance. But nobody could even speciously defend the idea that a man should stop at four per cent. on his successes and lose without reimbursement on his failures. Business could not live that way.

THE ONE CONDITION OF SUCCESSFUL MONOPOLY

But would you leave us open to the rapacity of these money-makers? Not in the least. My notion is that though Providence and the higher laws which really govern the universe are in men's talk much inferior to the Revised Statutes before they are enacted, they are always found to be quite superior to them after they are enacted. In fact, Nature abhors a monopoly as much as it does a vacuum. But there are monopolies which have the power of survival. I am not now referring to patents or post-offices. There is one condition on which an established business can continue to exist, and, if it be big enough, can drive the others out, all of them. That condition is, that it can supply at a profit the whole market at all times with any article at a lower price than any and all others. Upon that statement you must decide whether such a monopoly is a monopoly at all. One thing seems certain. If such a monopoly is a crime, then you must give up your continued demand for lower and lower prices.

Private corporations have been already described—sufficiently, at least, for the purpose of this article—and their characteristics defined. They have so grown in practical favor that a great amount of business which from time immemorial used to be done by partnerships, is more and more being done by corporations. They seem to find favor in the eyes of all business men. What, then, is the difference between the private corporations of the past and those of to-day? Do they differ at all? Only in one respect—they are larger. Of course, size alone may contain an element of danger to liberty. But when we discover that they are the same thing we have always had, the problem is simplified. What is there in the size of the new corporations which threatens us? The usual reply is that they are so large, have such an enormous capital, that nothing can be created which can compete with them. Why not? How did they get this great capital? By the increase of the wealth of the whole world. That same increase will furnish the antidote.

THE FLUX OF CAPITAL AND COMPETITION

Let these agglomerations of wealth take one step in prices beyond what is warranted by the business condition of the world; just let it be known that there are huge profits being gained; then, as all history shows, not only will competition arise, but over-competition, which will make that business which appears the most profitable the least profitable on the list. Men are not now so short-sighted as they used to be; fewer geese are killed that lay golden eggs. Men understand that large profits mean over-competition soon to come. Take the sugar company, which from its size and entrenchments seemed impregnable. Even against that powerful combination rivals have made such headway as has reduced the price of a twelve per cent. stock to 114, which figure shows what has already been done, and the public estimate of what will be done in the way of competition. Even a capital of $75,000,000 is not relatively great.

A good many years ago a wise old manufacturer in my district told me the secret of success. I said to him: "You are the only man who makes these things. You can demand your own price." Said he, "I am trying every minute to make these goods cheaper and sell them cheaper." "Why so?" "I am the only man," he replid, "in this business, and I want to stay so. If I raised the price I would have a boom, but I'd lose a business. In the long run, business is better than boom."

The books do not make much mention of it, but there is a thing that wise men look out for, and that is potential competition. The capital of the whole world is ready to flow toward the best chances. Those who make too much are in the worst danger, for when capital starts to flow it overflows, and too much gets in, and what was already in shares the loss.

But it is said that there have been great unions of competing companies quite recently which are evidences of the designs of the rich to overwhelm the poor. It will be noted, first, that these combinations have already occurred; second, that they were not voluntary. It was like the consolidation of railroads—forced, not desired. Human nature has not changed. A man who has spent his whole life in building up a successful business never voluntarily hands it over to another. He is too proud of what he, and perhaps his father and grandfather, have done. So he has to overcome his personal pride and put himself out of business. So, too, he has to struggle with the idea that, compared with others, he is not getting what he ought to get. Then he has to see one of his business rivals put at the head of the new concern. Men in business are as proud of their positions, and justly so, as any soldier in a red uniform, or any Congressman who wants to be at the head of a committee. Yet in making these combinations men have given up their positions and their business. Why? Simply because they were forced so to do. The demand for lower prices had outstripped the inventive power, and to meet that demand the economy of freights from the nearest points of supply, the economy of large production at the cheapest places, and the economies of administration and distribution had all to be called in to help, as well as the brightest intellects and the most skillful business energy that money could buy. The demand for lower fares and freight invented consolidation for railroads long ago. The same demand invented steel rails and the Bessemer process. In like manner, the demand for lower prices invented and forced the use of large consolidated corporations and department stores.

In all these instances, the number of which could be increased without limit, the first hope of those most deeply and immediately interested was that the whole profit of the change would come to them. But it will not. Consolidated railroads have been the givers of lower fares, palaces to ride in, swifter and more frequent trains, cheaper freights, with greater accommodation and fuller facilities. All the economies of the steel rail go to the ultimate consumer, and the newly consolidated manufactories will finally pass over to the whole people the economies of the consolidation. If they have sense enough to do this, retaining to themselves only a reasonable profit, they will keep their places. If they do not, then competition will come in, and then over-competition, and then the downfall of the weaker, and the consolidation again, and so on, as it ever hath been.

Though what I have already described may be the outcome, nevertheless there have arisen from them very great personal evils involving poor and rich alike. Even if the future reconciles us to what has happened, the present has to suffer.

A PERIOD OF BUSINESS RECONSTRUCTION

These consolidations were many of them made on fictitious prices which were the result of hope and not of reason. For that stockholders have already paid the penalty. To the rest of the people this fall of stock prices makes no difference, if my view of it be correct. To another portion of the active men of the country it means discharge from their present and readjustment of their future employment. This was and is grievous to be borne. Mills placed in wrong places have to be abandoned, and loss comes to the town. In like manner department stores have so encroached on the profits of small dealers that rents have had to be lessened. Of course, if all this results in a better method of doing business, and by better method I mean one which is better for all the people, we shall be gainers, just as we are gainers by a labor-saving invention, though even those blessings are always disguised by immediate lessening of demand for labor, and sorrow comes while labor readjusts itself. So far there does not seem to be much daylight thrown upon the questions started. Only two really practical suggestions seem to have been made. One is that the utmost publicity, at least so far as stockholders are concerned, should be given to the business of corporations. It may be said, and is said, that this requirement in some cases, if exactly complied with, would be to fully inform rivals of details which lie at the base of successful competition. In that event the other suggestion is that, if no information is given, the directors should be made fully responsible for the losses of others caused by their action. Whether this last suggestion is worth much needs more full discussion.

THE OUTLOOK FOR EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

These considerations, of course, only touch upon the subject, and do not in any way exhaust it. Time alone will show whether the evils which have happened from the forming of large corporations will pass away, or whether those predicted will actually come. Some of the evils specified are not real ones. That real evils will come we can hardly doubt, any more than we can doubt the right and power of the people or their ability to meet them when they do come. What I mean can best be taught by an example. In the old days, before factories, each man controlled his own actions. When factories started a large inroad was made upon the liberty of labor. A man found himself part of an organization. He was controlled by it. He had to work to the full measure of his strength each and every day. In time he began to realize that organization, which was his weakness, was also his strength. He organized also. The result, after long struggle, is that to-day, after many mistakes and blunders on both sides, he is recognized as a potent factor, has in due measure dictated his hours of labor, and largely influences his own pay. The owners of large plants are beginning to understand that they are trustees as well as employers, and that the value of what they own depends not solely upon the capital even judiciously put in, but also upon the relations they have with those who do the work. This example gives great hope for the future of the race to us who have watched the struggles of the last twenty years. Of course, there has been much misdirected energy and temper on both sides. The capitalist said: "This is my property. I have a right, the sole right, to say how and when or for what hours and what wages men shall work for me"; and the laborer said: "This mill cannot go on without me, and I will say how, when or for what hours and what wages I shall work." Between these two statements lay the truth, and men have slowly gravitated toward it. Fights have largely ceased, and reasoning and mutual information have taken their place.

Upon the people who have managed such discussion to such sensible conclusions we may depend for the solution of this question of the hour. Of course there will be wild propositions, like the closing of the post-office to obnoxious corporations, the repeal of the tariff as to them, and such like things, but as we watch the workings of the new method of business those who feel its evils as they develop will find the remedy.

One of the best ways to meet this or any other evil, and especially the wild discussion of it, is to sit down and reduce to details what we propose to remedy and how in detail we propose to enact the remedy. This will reduce the evil to its just terms, and reduce also the proposed remedy to actual practical life. When men have thus coolly set down in detail the grievance and then the proposed remedy, it has not seldom happened that the grievance was found to be preferable to the remedy. Declamation and generalities are easy. Lawmaking for a nation twenty-five hundred miles square is not easy.

SOME CURIOUS NAVAL STORES

By John Edward Jenks

ANY of the vessels of the United States Navy, if stranded on an island, would find almost enough material in her general stores to establish and maintain a community on shore. Each ship is so well equipped with a mass of diversified material that she is able to go on a three-years' cruise without replenishing supplies, except of provisions and clothing. A vessel of the battle-ship class carries fully one hundred tons of stores, the value of which would be half a million dollars.

The list of naval stores for each ship is prepared in the Navy Department, where the experience of many years determines the needs of the service. The weight of different articles is carefully ascertained and the record faithfully preserved. The books of the department show, for instance, the weight of the crank-pin bolt of the forward starboard engine of the Oregon, or the weight of the safety valve of No. 1 auxiliary boiler. It is possible for a naval engineer to take the diameter of a smoke-pipe and to trace out the dimensions and general characteristics of the ship, just as the scientists will take a fossil bone of an extinct animal and furnish a picture or build a skeleton of it.

For convenience in ledger accounts the naval stores are divided into thirty-two classes, and they embrace every conceivable article likely to be needed during a three-years' term on board a ship of war destined to visit strange ports and to encounter unusual conditions. The possible needs of a naval ship have been very aptly anticipated, although the list will show many articles which will strike an outsider as curious. For instance, a man on the farm, who knows a vessel only as a thing of masts and ropes, would hardly expect to encounter on shipboard plows, pitchforks, rakes, spades, chicken coops, carriages and wagons, carriage whips, currycombs, horse collars, and mules and oxen.

Some idea of the diversity of various articles classed under one head is afforded by the item of brushes, of which these varieties are required: artist's dabble, badger, bench, blacking, blender, blind, bristle, camel's-hair, cattle, chisel, clamp, coach-painter's, coir, color, dust, fan, factory, feather, feather dusting, fitch, floor, flue, foundry, frescoe, gilder's tips, glue, graining-combs, hair, hand, hearth, horse, kalsomine, lacquering, lamp chimney, lettering, marking, mottler, moulder's, painter's, painter's dust, paste, pencil, roofing, sable, sash-tool, scrub, shaving, ship's seaming, shore, stencil, steel wire, stove, streaking, sweeping, tar, tooth, tube, varnish, wall, whitewash, window, wire.

Another subject with many sides is that of oil, of which the different kinds are armorer's tool, belt, boiled and raw linseed, cleaning, carboline, carbon, castor, clock, cocoanut, cottonseed, carne, cylinder, engine, fish, gargling, gasoline, hard finish, kerosene, lard, liquid cooler, lubricating, machine, Mecca, mineral, naphtha, natural, neat's-foot, olive, paraffin, petroleum, polishing, sperm, spindle, sweet, synovial, tea, vacuum, valve, whale.

Articles with quite widely separated utility are closely associated in the alphabetical classification, sometimes to an interesting degree, as when we find that coffins, clothespins, clarinets and clapboards are together, or gravel, gravy-boats, Greek fire and gridirons are grouped in another place. The other curious items which help make up a ship's equipment are andirons, drums, earrings (rigging), letter boxes, rags, razors, lap robes, umbrellas, bread boxes, box openers, cat meat, coal breakers, cravats, corset lacing, diamond-tools, devil's claws, dog vanes, dynamite, fireworks, hour glasses, jewsharps (pertaining to the anchor), Jacob's ladders, pedometers and rat traps.

The Argument for DOTY

By Octave Thanet

THE Flying Fisherman had left the marshes and the factories of Boston behind and was flashing through stone-walled pastures and stunted woodlands, and glimpses of gabled green roofs and stately columned piazzas on hillsides overlooking little curves and triangles of the ocean. It was a day in August, warm in Boston, but cooler with every vanishing mile on the train. Only six persons sat in the rear car—three elderly gentlemen with gray mustaches, who read their newspapers; two smoothly shaven young gentlemen who were talking with more interest in their subject than young gentlemen with crimson ribbons on their straw hats usually show, and a man who was not a gentleman.

The man who was not a gentleman wore a new tweed suit—a check suit of a most accurate fit, if his shoulders would not stoop so much—but his linen was not quite fresh. He combined this undress business suit with a shining black silk hat, for reasons best known to himself. He wore a crimson tie and a big diamond ring; and he repaired his finger-nails carefully with a knife. Then he turned his face to the window. It was not a handsome face; the nose was finished with a bulb, and was too short for the other features; or else the upper lip was too big. Yet common as the face was, it was not commonplace; the bullet head of close-cropped, coarse, sandy hair had a fine back brain; and there was indomitable determination in the square jaw. As the man looked out of the window he set his mouth and frowned; but any one close behind would have seen him wink repeatedly, and finally dash his hand across his eyes.

The young men leaned forward toward each other; their voices were low. One was a slim, bright-eyed young fellow, with quick motions and a trick of gesture as he talked; the other was tall, with fair hair which fell over his handsome brow; he had the muscles of an athlete. He listened very quietly to a rather vehement speech.

"Yes, I'm afraid he was a mucker," he said in a slow, pleasant voice which had lost its Western burr without losing its leisurely Western cadences. "There are mucker gentlemen and mucker cads——"

"And *he* was a mucker cad," the other broke in; "but now, what about Ronny? Where will he pay the money? Doty's dead, and I shouldn't think it would be cheerful for his father, who is rich as mud, to have his son's gambling loot turned over to him. Anyhow, you know he told Ronny he needn't pay."

"Yes, I was there," said the fair man dryly. "He had raked in the last pile of chips when I arrived with the rescue party. Ronny was white as chalk and looked drawn about his eyes; but he's a dead sport. 'I guess I've had enough,' says he. 'How do we stand, Mr. Doty?' Doty grinned as he named the sum; and poor Ronny grinned, too, and said he would send it around to-morrow. Poor Ronny! he's been paying back the loans he got that next morning ever since, and it was only half, too."

"I think it was meaner than plucking him, the way he offered not to take the money; it was insufferable!"

"Well, I'm not so sure," said the fair man. "It was rather like dancing on the body of his victim when he told him he could put up the pencil, for he didn't want his money; and the next time he'd better not play poker with a mucker. And it was pretty bad rubbing it in, the way he did; he swelled out his shirt-front and swaggered and squeaked, 'And, what's more, sonny, you haven't any business to play at all, for you haven't got the price. And you haven't got any business to refuse now, either; for you'll have to borrow from your friends until you can get it out of your sister; and she is skinning herself alive to keep you in Harvard, anyhow.'"

"That was atrocious!" said the other.

"Well, it was true. But it was a dirty trick, hitting a man that was down, and I told Doty so; but Ronny said, 'I'm not going to have any scraps on my account; you'll see every cent of your money, Mr. Doty, and it won't come out of my sister, either.' Ronny was *great!* He toddled over with all the money he could raise, and left it and his note for the rest in Doty's rooms.

"I heard that Doty said if the young fool wouldn't take a favor he could sweat; if he'd ask him to let him off he'd let him off, and he knew it. It was pretty bad; but it's made a man of Ronny; he was going the pace badly."

"I happen to know that," said Georgy, looking away.

"I am sure you get your information from the inside, Georgy," said Frank, "and I rather think that you passed on the hint that Miss Edith gave you; and—just between you and me—I'm thinking the Dean finds a daughter convenient sometimes as a kind of unofficial——"

"Look here, Frank, drop that; and if you're going to be witty, I won't tell you another bit of information."

"Tell away," said Frank; "you know you want to."

"The Dean has sent a letter to Doty's father that won't be nice reading."

"The Dean hadn't got on to that?"

"Oh, no; it was general worthlessness; he was always flinging his money around and treating the world. Do you suppose he had been drinking—yesterday?"

"The other boys had. He brought them down to Manchester in his spread-eagle style; they had more than enough in the hotel; then they took a lot of stuff on board the boat; and you saw the sail they were carrying!"

The young fellow shuddered. "I can't get it out of my mind," he cried, "the way they looked in the water! The girls were bad enough, but his—it simply jumped at me, swashing on that big, green wave, when he pushed the girl toward you, the way he did, with the black hair plastered over his forehead. Uh-r-r! I see it all the time!"

"So do I," answered Frank gloomily; "and I wonder—— Do you suppose he *meant* to push her to me? It was really getting her saved instead of himself, you know. And he certainly had his arm about her, holding her on."

"N—ah!" sniffed Georgy, tossing his head as if to toss away an ugly vision. "The poor old boy wasn't the sort of man to give up his show of life for a girl. Who were the girls, anyhow? Becky Crowe, and who else?"

"Waitresses in the hotel; there wasn't any harm in them; they knew one of the other fellows."

"All Harvard men, and a tough lot, weren't they?"

"I don't know them; they were warm and grateful, but they were all more or less befuddled. The girls cried and went to pieces; I don't know how much for Doty, who was such 'a noble young gentleman,' as one of them who was a school-teacher said—Beckie, you know, waits on the next table—or how much because they were afraid the lark would cost them their jobs. The ways of women are mysterious."

Georgy shrugged his shoulders. "The ways of One Woman are, I know," said he. "Look here, Frank; I can't seem to get away from the subject; did they get his father? They were telegraphing and telephoning when I left, and he wasn't at home."

"I don't know, I'm sure. Poor man; I'm sorry for him."

"Why, he's a big boss, I heard; owns pretty much the whole city, and rose from the ranks to having a house like a palace and voting several thousand American citizens."

"Maybe; but Doty was his only child, and Ronny says that the old boy simply poured money on Doty. His heart was set on having him know all the best set and get into the Dickey, of which he had about as much chance as he had of getting honors."

"Didn't he have a mother, too?"

"Yes; started life as a cook; a good soul, whom the reporters who write up the old man describe as a 'lady of lovely nature, devoted to her domestic duties.' She never goes out except to church."

"How did you ever find out all that?"

"Ronny. He used to butter Ronny up all the time, and was trying to be chummy with him; and he showed him the picture of his father's house and pictures of the rooms in it, and told him how much everything cost, and showed him a Biography of Prominent Citizens of—wherever he lives; the sort of book you pay $25 for and get your picture in. This one had them all—his father, his mother, and him. Ronny laughed over it; but I was rather sorry for the fellow. I never made up my mind just why he was after Ronny until Ronny got tired of dodging his attentions, and unluckily made that bad break about his being a mucker. It was when we were chaffing him on Doty's admiration; and Ronny cut loose on his mucker friend—which was not just nice of Ronny, if he *was* annoyed. Doty heard of it somehow, and he had it in for Ronny ever after."

"Well, I shouldn't like to be called a mucker, myself. But I guess Doty was a bad lot, and he followed around after Ronny because he was a big man, and he thought he could use him. I don't suppose he'll see it that way, but it was a piece of luck for his father, losing him. Well"—his voice, which had been low, rose to a higher key—"how far are we from Manchester?"

At the word the man who was not a gentleman turned his head from the window. He looked fixedly at the two young men, at their handsome, clean-cut profiles, at the two hats with the crimson bands. Some emotion, which the habit of repressing all emotion made it hard to detect, twitched his features. He arose and walked over to the young men's chairs. "Beg pardon," said he, "but did I hear this young gentleman"—he inclined his head in Georgy's direction—"say something about Manchester?"

"I spoke of Manchester," said Georgy distantly; he thought that the man looked as if he had been drinking, with his red eyes and nose; there was something shaky about him; and it was evident that he was not a gentleman. "Did you want to stop at Manchester?"

"Yes," said the man. "You boys are Harvard boys?"

Georgy assented—rather stiffly.

"Maybe you know about the—the accident? My name's Doty, and——"

Frank was on his feet before the sentence was ended, and Georgy almost as quickly, both offering their chairs. The man who was not a gentleman was accustomed to weighing men and to watching slight changes of manner; he did not fail to observe the change here, although his father's heart mistook its meaning.

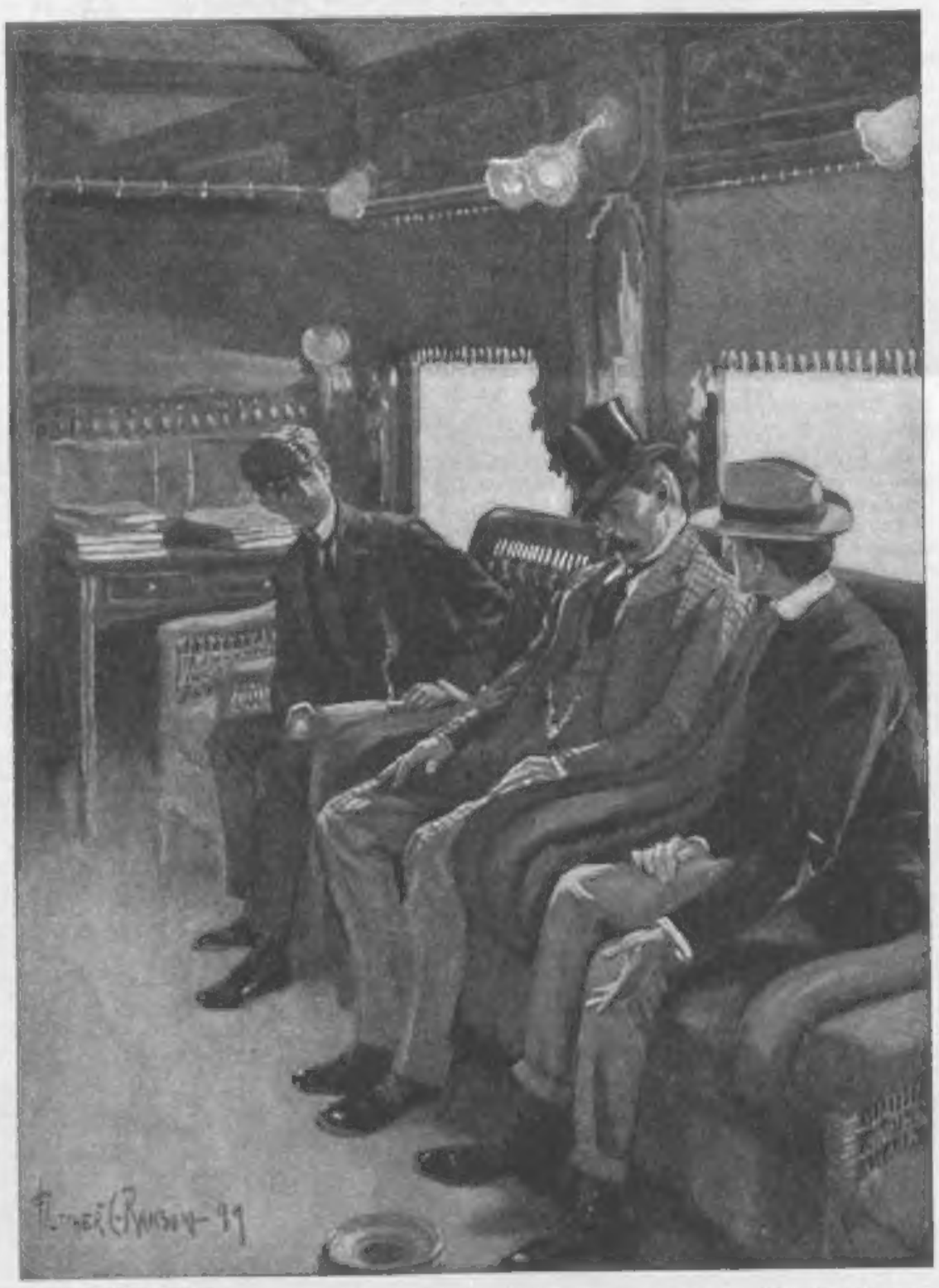
"Thank you, thank you, boys," he said; "yes, I *will* set down if you'll let me. I want to ask you. I haven't had anything but the wire. I was away from home, and being Sunday in between made it hard."

"We were afraid you would have trouble getting here; I don't know how you got here so soon," said Frank, casting about for a properly expurgated account of the accident.

"I got an engine," said Doty.

"But did they let you come?"

"Oh, yes. I found it was a private train, but the Superintendent fixed it." He spoke wearily, as if getting special engines and going on private trains were common



DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

THE FATHER NODDED, AND SWALLOWED SOMETHING IN HIS THROAT

matters with him—as, indeed, they were. Then he added: "Could you boys tell me anything about how it happened?"

Frank spoke while Georgy was struggling with his wits.

"There was a squall," he began. "Doty and two other fellows and some girls were out in a little yacht; and the squall struck it, and it capsized. We, my friend, Mr. Wendell"—indicating Georgy—"and I had put to shore, and were just getting out when we heard the shouts and saw them; we put about and went to them. I don't know a man on the coast except the old skippers who could have got up to them and handled the boat so I could pull them in, except my friend here. Just as we came alongside, some one—your son, it must have been—called, 'Take the girls first!' But they were all clinging to the side of the boat, and we had to take them as they came. Your son and one of the girls were the last ones. He pushed the girl over to me—she had short hair—I didn't know it was a girl; I should have hauled him over the stern first, but he pushed her toward me; and I took *her;* he must have known he was giving up his chance, for he was too weak even to cling."

"And you didn't get him in?" said the father.

"We *did* get him in," cried Georgy. "In that wind, Atherton"—tapping Frank's shoulder—"jumped in and got him, and we got him on board after a while, but it was too late. We did all we could."

Doty looked from one young and glowing face to the other. His own face worked; but he had had a long experience in mastering his feelings; he held out his hand to Frank and gripped the Westerner's strong hand hard; then, in the same silence, he caught Georgy's slender fingers. "I'm not going to tell you boys how I think about what you done," said he in the same dry, small voice, "but——" He let the last word limp into silence, leaving the sentence unfinished, adding directly: "I've heard Fred talk of you; he said you were good fellows, but he didn't know you very well. I could see he thought a sight of you. He knew what he was about, I guess. Would you mind telling me again, Mr. Atherton? He was hanging to the boat, and——"

"And holding the girl," interrupted Georgy.

"And he pushed her toward you, didn't he?"

"He pushed her toward me," Frank repeated; "and then I saw it was a girl and pulled her in."

"He couldn't do no otherwise," said the father, "no matter what it cost. But it's an awful cost to *us*. I don't know *what* his mother will say. I told her not to come. I got a niece of hers that's got sense to go on to her and stay with her; I got her by the long-distance 'phone, while they were getting the engine ready; I got her to go on and break the news herself to her; I couldn't bear her to just get a wire, and it would be 'most as bad with the 'phone; it kinder rattles her hearing the buzz. I couldn't have her told that way, so poor Johanna had to try; I can git *her* here, and find out, I guess, when I git to the hotel. I'd like to arrange to"—he held his voice steadier with an effort—"to take him right home."

"We thought so," said Frank, "and the Dean, who is visiting my friend's mother, took charge of the arrangements."

"It was him wired me?"

"Yes, sir."

The grave kindness and respect of Frank's manner increased all the time; Georgy picked up the tall hat which had fallen to the floor and replaced it gently on the back of the chair where its owner had absently hung it.

"The young lady—did she git off all right?" asked Doty.

"She is all right, poor girl; she didn't realize anything at the time; she was almost insensible——"

"She would have been washed away if he hadn't held her on," interrupted Georgy. "He used up all his strength supporting her."

"He couldn't do no otherwise," said the father again. "Has she got a mother and father? Is it a young lady lives 'round here?"

Georgy cast a swift glance of appeal on Frank's serious, sympathetic face; the Westerner did not return it; he answered in the same even, compassionate tone: "No, she is a school-teacher in Vermont; there were three of them; they are waitresses here in the hotel, and one of the boys suggested to your son that the girls never had any sails and good times, and Doty, who was awfully generous and kind, you know——"

The father nodded and swallowed something in his throat. "I know better'n you, I guess," said he. "When he was a little chap he was always fetching stray dogs home; of course he wanted to give the girls a good time."

"She knew Doty a little; she was telling me what a noble fellow he was," said Frank. Georgy looked at him with deep admiration. "She has a mother living, she said; but I think her father is dead. And one of the other girls told me there were four or five little ones, and she didn't know what they would do without this girl's help."

"I'm glad she's that kind of a girl," said Doty. "Do you know her name? I want to find her."

"Her name's Beck—Rebecca," Georgy put in. "We'll send her to see you. And—Mr. Doty, won't you allow me to see about getting you a room at the hotel? A friend of mine is to be away and you'd be quieter in his room."

DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

THE DEAN TAPPED HIS FINGERS TOGETHER AND FROWNED

"If it won't put you to too much trouble. Pay the hotel whatever they want. You boys are certainly good to me—I never expected—it kinder bowls a man over to meet kindness like that. I'm glad to take it from Freddy's friends. I'd like to see Freddy's teacher, or whatever you call him."

"I'll fetch him around to see you as soon as I get to Manchester," said Georgy eagerly, "and the girls and the other boys, if they haven't gone back to Boston."

"I'll be obliged to you. There's a friend Freddy had at Harvard I'd like you to see. He's wired about it. Maybe you know him; his name is Ronald Danforth——"

"I dare say he'll have heard and will be in Manchester," said Frank. Georgy caught his breath at his friend's unexpected wealth of resource and daring invention. "He'll be here this evening, anyhow."

"You boys know him?"

"We know him, yes; he's a splendid fellow."

"Freddy said he was just out of sight. One of his last letters he wanted me to get a Gordon setter for him to give him. They'd had some kind of a tiff, and he was trying to make up, I guess; that's like Freddy."

Georgy had his own inspiration at this point; he struck in quickly: "That is just what did happen, Mr. Doty. They had some kind of misunderstanding, and, unfortunately, at the time Danforth was owing your son money, and he was stiff about paying it, and Doty didn't want to take it; but Danforth got about half of it together and was nasty the way he insisted on paying. He still owes the other half, I think, but he was arranging to pay that. I dare say he'll say something——"

"No he won't," said Doty. "You tell him to *drop* it. He can take it as a present from Freddy; that's what Freddy would want, and his mother and me, too."

"But—it's quite a large——"

"I don't give a—I don't care how large it is—if it's ten thousand! Freddy was fond of him. He's welcome."

"I'm pretty sure he'll be down on the six o'clock train," said Frank. "I'll fetch him over. Now, Mr. Doty, the next station is Manchester; you'll let us take care of you. There'll be a trap there for us, and if you'll let me get your bag——"

"*I'll* git it," said Doty. "I chucked all my mail into it; I don't know what difference it makes now whether I attend to things or not; but it might ball up some good friends of mine, so I'll try to git at it. I don't suppose you've got a typewriter girl here handy?"

"I have a typewriter, Mr. Doty, if you'll try *me* for secretary."

Doty looked a little less haggard; he smiled faintly. "I guess I'm imposing on you; but I can't bear to let go of you boys. If you will, then, Mr. Wendell. I got to write to his mother. I don't know *what* she'll say. But he couldn't have done no otherwise. She'll see that, too. But she was so set on Freddy's growing up to be a gentleman——"

"He died like a noble gentleman," said Frank. "No mother could help being proud of him, and that's something——"

"It's a lot. You boys understand; you——" But, with his features quivering, he shook his head and jumped up to go for his bag.

The young men exchanged glances. "We seem to have changed our views," said Frank a little grimly.

Georgy, however, saw no irony in the situation. He was fidgeting on his seat with excitement. "Oh, isn't he pathetic!" cried he; "and so sandy, too!"

"If we say much more in praise of poor Doty we'll get to believing in him ourselves," said Frank. "But I guess we *were* too hard on him."

"We were *beasts!*" muttered Georgy. "I say, Frank, how are you going to get Ronny?"

"He's in Boston; I heard so yesterday; and I'll send him a telegram that'll fetch him. What bothers me is the Dean's letter. I hate him to get that now."

"That's my fix," said Georgy. "Poor Doty, he had such a good heart, I wish we'd said a kind word to him before."

The idea of the letter did not worry Georgy long. Three hours later the two met in the hotel hall.

"Well?" said Frank, who had come.

"All right; you drilled 'em well. The girls were lovely, especially the school-teacher. I don't know what he said to her, but she came out crying, and said she was going to write to Mrs. Doty, and she was sobbing something about his great goodness. I tell you, Frank, the old boy mayn't be a gentleman, but he's taking this like one. So fair all around, and *so* sandy! I think everything is moving our way all right. I've got seven telegrams of sympathy. Good ones, too. The boys answered right off. I got in about his saving the girl in the long-distance, you know, and explained. But I'm downright rattled about that letter—the Dean's. It was in his mail. I saw it, and I was going to put it in a safe place, but when I got a chance it was gone——"

"Not so loud, Georgy! Monkeying with mail is a penitentiary offense——"

"Tommy-rot! I say! Do you suppose he's opened it?"

"N-o," said Frank slowly; "I don't think he got it; in fact, I know he didn't, for I took it myself—unopened. And I propose to give it back to the Dean."

Georgy flung himself on the football player and hugged him, crying: "You precious old hypocrite! Come on! *I* propose to make myself an accessory and go to the Dean, too."

The Dean tapped his fingers together and frowned thoughtfully into the triangle. Then he looked up with a veiled twinkle in his eyes. He took the letter which Frank was holding—Georgy had told the whole story, omitting only their earlier and immature opinions of young Doty. "Of course," said the Dean, "you cannot expect me to approve of your robbing the United States mail——"

"It was not the mail, but Mr. Doty," said Georgy.

"Of robbing Mr. Doty, then; but as I have the letter back I will say that under the circumstances"—he threw the unopened envelope into the open fire—"I am glad he didn't get it. I shall call on Mr. Doty this evening."

"It will be a comfort to him, sir," said Georgy.

"I wonder how they will hit it off; but they've both got the right stuff in them, and that's what tells when a man's in trouble; it shows right out then!" So Georgy discoursed to Frank a few moments later, and secretly he thought, "I'm afraid I've dished myself with the old boy *now*."

The Dean watched them as they swung around the curve of the driveway. "They seem to have changed their opinion," he thought. "It is easy to see why. That is how youth forms its opinions. They are just as sure to-day that Doty was a misunderstood hero as they were yesterday that he was a vulgar cad. They have convinced themselves with their own arguments. Ah, youth! Dear youth!"

How WE make Presidents

Recollections of Lincoln's Two Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

THE election of Lincoln in 1860 gave birth to a new political epoch in the history of the Republic. The Government was organized under Federal rule by the inauguration of Washington. He was a thorough Federalist; he believed in a strong government with the most effective restraints upon the mutations of popular expression, and but for Jefferson, who was the exponent of the broadest features of popular government, the new Republic would have had many elements of monarchy interwoven with it. Washington's impregnable strength with the people prevented any serious agitation for a new political departure during his eight years of Presidential service, and he was sufficiently powerful to transmit the government to Federal authority in John Adams, his successor, who defeated Jefferson by a small majority in 1796.

In the second battle between Jefferson and Adams Washington was dead and Federalism had developed some of its most offensive features, especially in the alien and sedition law, and Jefferson's triumphant election in 1800 inaugurated the second political epoch of the nation. Political control departed from Federalism to Democracy under Jefferson—under the title of Republicanism—and for sixty years the Democrats ruled the policy of the Republic.

In 1860 the nation proclaimed the third great political epoch of its history by an aggressive departure from Democracy to the Republicanism that has since ruled without material interruption. There have been two Democratic Administrations since the Republican epoch of 1860, but though they, for the time, halted and modified the Republican policy, they never had the power to make a decisive reversal of Republican mastery. Thus an epoch of twelve years of Federalism, another of sixty years of Democracy, and another of forty years of Republicanism tell the story of the political revolutions of the Republic during a period of one hundred and twelve years.

When Fremont made his brilliant campaign of 1856 and narrowly escaped election to the Presidency, it was generally accepted by all the varied phases of politics opposed to radical Republicanism that the Republican movement was like a bee—biggest at its birth—and that it never could win a national victory; but all the chief events affecting the political sentiment of the country from 1856 until 1860 tended to strengthen Republican sentiment and to alienate a large portion of the intelligent elements of Democracy. The significant elections of 1858 and 1859, with the Kansas-Nebraska war convulsing the country from centre to circumference, steadily strengthened Republican lines, and when the leaders of the party came to face the great battle of 1860 they well understood that success was within their reach, and never did a party exhibit greater sagacity in leadership than was displayed in the convention that nominated Lincoln.

I saw several rural delegates from New England States shed tears

THE APPARENT CERTAINTY OF SEWARD'S NOMINATION

William H. Seward was the confessed Republican leader of the nation. He was admittedly its ablest champion and was among its earliest supporters. He had been long in the Senate, and was the peer of any in the discussion of all the grave questions which then agitated our National Legislature. He was not only the ablest of his party, but he was one of the most exemplary and courteous of men. Two-thirds of all the delegates elected to that convention were friends of Seward and expected to vote for him, and his nomination would have been inevitable on the first ballot had not the convention been restrained by considerations of expediency which were most reluctantly accepted. Lincoln's own delegation from Illinois embraced one-third of positive Seward men. They were instructed for Lincoln without hope of his nomination at the time, and most of them expected to perform a mere perfunctory duty by voting for him on one or more ballots.

Horace Greeley had sounded the first note of warning against the nomination of Seward, and his paper, the New York Tribune, was then the most influential journal ever published in this country. It was the Republican Bible, and its weekly edition was more read in the West than all other papers combined. He startled the party by a series of dignified and masterly articles in favor of Edward Bates, of Missouri, for President, on the ground that Seward was not available, and that a man of the great ability and conservative attitude of Bates alone could win in that contest. But though the conservative element of the opposition to the Democracy was not enthusiastic for Seward and his "irrepressible conflict," the true reason of Seward's defeat was not presented either by Mr. Greeley or by any public discussion before the meeting of the convention.

WHY SEWARD WAS SET ASIDE FOR LINCOLN

I have read many romances about how, why and by whom Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President at Chicago, but the explanation is very simple, and when presented must be accepted by all as conclusive. Henry S. Lane had been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, and Andrew G. Curtin had been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Pennsylvania. These States voted for Governor and other State officers on the second Tuesday of October, and they were the pivotal States of the national contest. It was an absolute necessity to carry them in October to assure the election of a Republican President, and the first inquiry of the Republican leaders at Chicago, outside of those who were blindly devoted to Seward, was "Who can carry Indiana and Pennsylvania?"

Lane and Curtin were there solely for the purpose of getting the strongest possible national ticket nominated to aid them in their State contests. With Lane was John D. Defrees, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Indiana, and I was with Curtin, as he had charged me with the same responsible duty in Pennsylvania. Curtin and Lane decided that they could not be elected if Seward were nominated for President. They were not personally or politically hostile to him; they had but one thing in view, and that was their own election, which was essential to elect a Republican President.

THE ROCK THAT SPLIT THE SEWARD DELEGATION

Prior to 1860 the Republican party had never carried either Pennsylvania or Indiana. Opposition to the pro-slavery policy of the Buchanan Administration had crystallized anti-slavery Democrats, Whigs and Americans into the support of Union State tickets, and had elected them; but in Pennsylvania the Republican name was omitted from necessity, and the organization was entitled the People's Party. In both of these States there was an organized and powerful American party yet in existence, without which the Republicans could not succeed. It was the remnant of the American or Know-Nothing revolution of 1854, and they cherished their own faith with great fidelity and would not support any candidate especially friendly to the Catholics.

When Seward was elected Governor of New York in 1838 it was largely by the influence of Archbishop Hughes, one of the ablest Catholic prelates this country has ever had; and Seward, not only because of his gratitude to his Catholic friends, but because of his broad and liberal views generally, in a message to the Legislature urged a division of the school fund between the Catholics and Protestants. That was the rock on which Seward was wrecked. Had he been nominated, the entire American element of the opposition would have been aggressively against him, and Pennsylvania and Indiana would have been lost not only by the defeat of Curtin and Lane in October, but by the defeat of Seward in November.

The situation was earnestly presented by Curtin and Lane, and Mr. Defrees and I accompanied them in their conferences with various delegations which were devoted to Seward, but were willing to abandon him—not because they loved Seward less, but because they loved Republican success more. I saw several rural delegates from New England States shed tears as they confessed that they must abandon Seward because he could not carry Pennsylvania and Indiana, and certainly more than one-third of all the delegates who voted for Lincoln in that convention did it in sincerest sorrow because compelled to abandon their great leader for the sake of victory.

Under such conditions the Seward lines were steadily weakening, but never was a movement so ably led as was the Seward movement at Chicago. It was literally a battle of giants. Thurlow Weed, the master of masters in politics, led the fight for Seward, and he had around him Governor Morgan, Chairman of the National Committee; Raymond, of the Times, and many others of distinguished ability in such struggles. Weed invited Lane to drive with him, and, in the course of their conversation, assured him that if his delegation would support Seward all the money needed to carry his election in Indiana would be generously furnished; but Lane knew that no amount of money could give him victory in October with Seward as the national candidate.

A large charcoal picture of Lincoln was presented in the gallery at the rear of the hall

THE CLEVER STRATEGY OF THE LINCOLN MANAGERS

The convention met on Wednesday, May 16. The first day was devoted to routine duties, and the second to the adoption of a platform and rules to govern the convention. The convention adjourned on Thursday evening profoundly impressed with the great battle that was to be fought on the following day, and both sides exhausted political strategy to gain the advantage. Weed organized a most imposing street parade of the Seward people. They had thousands of Seward spectators outside of the delegates, and it was one of the most impressive public displays I have ever witnessed. They paraded the streets for an hour or more before the meeting of the convention.

The friends of Lincoln had been tireless in their efforts, and they displayed wonderful ability in handling their forces. The leaders in immediate charge of the Lincoln people were Colonel Medill, of the Chicago Tribune; David Davis, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court; Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Leonard Swett, who was almost a copy of Lincoln physically, and who was Lincoln's closest friend until the day of his death. When they found that the Seward parade was to come off, they counseled how to meet it, and they finally decided that while the Seward men were parading they would fill the immense temporary wigwam—erected for the convention, and capable of holding five thousand spectators—with men who should go there solely for the purpose of hurrahing for Lincoln. They carried this plan into very successful operation, and when the Seward procession attempted to march into the convention hall they found it filled to overflowing, and very few Seward men outside the delegation could obtain admission.

Just before the convention opened I saw the New York delegation file in and fill the only vacant place in the immense building. They were appalled when they saw how they had been outgeneraled. Almost immediately behind the New York men, who were under the lead of Evarts as Chairman of the delegation, sat Horace Greeley at the head of the Oregon delegation. That new State, just admitted into the Union, was so far from civilization, as the iron horse had not yet been heard in either the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas, that the Republican convention selected a number of prominent men in the East, including Greeley, to represent the State. I never saw a more benignant face than that of Greeley's when the nomination of Lincoln was declared. It was known by the supporters of Seward that Pennsylvania and Indiana had both decided to support Lincoln, the Pennsylvanians having declared for Lincoln by four majority over Bates, after giving a complimentary ballot to Cameron.

MR. LINCOLN'S TRIUMPHANT NOMINATION

With very little preliminary movement the ballot began, and Seward's two-thirds vote of the convention dwindled down to 173½ when 234 were necessary to a choice. Lincoln, with Pennsylvania and Ohio giving complimentary ballots to Cameron and

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Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series began in the Post of January 6.

Chase, had 102 votes. As the ballots were announced, every vote for Lincoln was cheered to the echo, while there were but few cheers for Seward except from the delegates themselves. When the second ballot was called the Seward people felt that they must increase their strength or fall behind in the race. As Lincoln gained most of the vote of Pennsylvania, with important gains from other States, the wildest cheering greeted the announcements, and when the ballot was given with only 10 votes gained by Seward and 75 votes gained by Lincoln, it became evident to all that Seward's strength was exhausted and that Lincoln was the coming man. The next and last ballot soon showed Lincoln as leading Seward, and from that time on it was difficult to announce the votes of the States because of the frenzied cheers for "Abe Lincoln."

When the last State was called it was known that Lincoln was either nominated or very close to it. The vote as recorded was 231½ for Lincoln, being 2½ votes short of a majority, and 180 for Seward, with some 50 scattering. Before the result was announced Chairman Carter, of Ohio, got up on his chair to assure the attention of the President, and said:

"I rise to announce the change of four votes from Ohio from Mr. Chase to Abraham Lincoln."

It was known then that this gave Lincoln the majority, and I have never before nor since witnessed such a scene as was made by the great mass of the Lincoln people who were in the hall. A large charcoal picture of Lincoln was presented in the gallery at the rear of the hall, and the whole vast audience, with few exceptions outside of the New York delegation, rose to indulge in the wildest enthusiasm for some minutes.

HOW THE TAIL OF THE TICKET WENT BEGGING

When order was finally restored, Maine, Massachusetts and Missouri changed a number of votes to Lincoln, giving him a total of 354, being 120 odd votes more than he needed. When the vote was announced by the President cheers broke out afresh, but they soon quieted down to await the action of the New York delegation that was expected to move the unanimous nomination. There was certainly fully five minutes of dead silence in the body as the New York delegates were mortified beyond expression at their discomfiture; but after a long wait that seemed to be vastly longer than it was the tall form of William M. Evarts arose, and with reluctance that was unconcealed said:

"Mr. President, I move that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous."

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, rose as soon as he saw Evarts rise, and when Evarts' motion was made Andrew seconded it, and with the unanimous vote of the convention and the heartiest huzzas from the many thousands who witnessed the proceedings, Abraham Lincoln was declared the Republican candidate for President. The convention adjourned to meet again in the evening to nominate a candidate for Vice-President.

So keen were the disappointments of the New York delegation, and Mr. Weed, who was the Seward leader, that when earnestly urged to name a candidate for Vice-President who would have been accepted by a nearly unanimous vote they churlishly refused to do so. Governor Morgan would have been taken as the candidate to emphasize the desire of the friends of Lincoln to recognize the friends of Seward, but he peremptorily refused to accept it, and the convention then nominated Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, as a representative of the Democratic-Republican element, but New York divided her vote between five candidates, giving a bare majority to Hamlin from personal choice.

"Well, McClure, I don't quite forget that I was nominated in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow"

The Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for President was not only the ablest national political body that ever met in the country up to that time, but it exhibited the highest type of political strategy. It has never since then been equaled in ability and leadership, with the single exception of the Republican convention of 1880, in which the friends of Grant made their last stand to give their chieftain a third term. As compared with these two conventions, all subsequent ones were tame.

THE NOMINATION OF DOUGLAS BY THE DEMOCRATS

The Democratic National Convention of 1860 met at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 23, with full delegations from every State, and after a desperate wrangle of many days, which resulted in the withdrawal of a number of the Southern delegations, 57 ballots were had for President. Stephen A. Douglas started at 145½ and ended at 151½, the highest vote he received being 152½. The two-thirds rule was adopted, requiring not only two-thirds of the vote but two-thirds of the full convention, being 202, to make a nomination, and on the tenth day of the session a resolution was adopted to adjourn the convention to meet in Baltimore on June 18. A number of Southern delegates seceded and decided to meet in Richmond on the second Monday in June. The regular convention met according to adjournment, and after various severe skirmishes and votes on preliminary propositions and the withdrawal of a number of Southern delegates, two ballots were had for President. On the first, Douglas received 173½, to 15 scattering; on the second, 181½, to 13 scattering, and the convention declared that as Douglas had received two-thirds of all the votes present he was therefore the nominee for President. Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was nominated for Vice-President.

The delegates who had withdrawn from the regular convention immediately convened, 105 in number, and they gave a unanimous nomination to John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President, and General Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President. Had the Democrats accepted Douglas and his liberal slavery platform they could have elected him triumphantly, as a very large preponderance of the Democrats who voted for Lincoln were Douglas men, and would have supported him had there been any prospect of his election. Had he been elected, slavery would have had a new lease of life, and might have been extinguished by peaceful means rather than by the arbitrament of the sword. Curtin and Lane were elected by decided majorities in October, and that ended the contest. Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, with 72 for Breckinridge, 39 for John Bell, and 12 for Douglas. Bell had been nominated as a Union candidate for President, with Edward Everett for Vice-President.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF MR. LINCOLN'S SECOND CAMPAIGN

The average intelligent student of our Civil War a generation after the conflict ended, with Lincoln's achievements in the grateful remembrance of every patriot, would naturally assume that Lincoln's reëlection to the Presidency in 1864 was never in any measure doubtful; but, in fact, his defeat by General McClellan was generally apprehended. On August 23, 1864, Lincoln wrote the following with his signature appended:

> "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to coöperate with the President-elect so as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

This paper he sealed and delivered to Secretary Welles with notice not to open it until after the election.

There was very earnest opposition to Lincoln's renomination by men of eminent ability and influential leadership in the Republican party. Chase, Wade, Henry Winter Davis and Horace Greeley were bitterly opposed to accepting him as the Republican candidate for the second contest, as they believed that he could not be elected. In addition to these, Sumner was not heartily for him; Stevens was earnestly opposed to the President because he had not pressed confiscation and other punishments against the South, and the extreme radical wing of the Republican party was aggressive in its hostility. Lincoln's strength was with the people, and they overwhelmed the leaders who sought his overthrow.

LINCOLN'S SOLE EXHIBITION OF WEAKNESS

The only exhibition of weakness I ever saw in Lincoln was displayed during what might be called the contest for his renomination. There was, in point of fact, no contest at all, as after all the efforts of the opposing leaders had been exhausted the Republican people rallied to his support and asserted their mastery. He was painfully impressed with the apprehension that he might be defeated in the convention, and on a number of occasions I heard him discuss the question with a degree of interest that was painful. Even after a majority of all the delegates to the convention had been positively instructed for him, and certainly two-thirds of the remainder were publicly pledged to his support, he could not dismiss the fears of defeat.

I visited him several times within a month of the convention in obedience to his telegrams, when he discussed only the political dangers which beset him. He told me that his name would go into history darkly shadowed by a fraternal war that he would be held responsible for inaugurating if he were unable to continue in office to conquer the Rebellion and restore the Union.

Lincoln was human, as are all men, and a more anxious candidate I have never known. The last time I conferred with him on the subject was within two weeks of the meeting of the convention, and I could hardly treat with respect his anxiety about his renomination. He had given close attention to the election of delegates, and I called his attention to the fact that a decided majority were positively instructed for him, and that he certainly knew that a majority of the others could not be diverted from him. He had to admit that there seemed to be no plausible reason for doubting the result, but, with a merry twinkle of the eye, he said:

"Well, McClure, I don't quite forget that I was nominated in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow."

I had to admit that he had been nominated by a convention that was two-thirds for Seward, but no such conditions could arise as presented themselves in the Seward fight to swerve the convention from its purpose.

—met the people at every city and village cheering to the echo over the capture of Atlanta

So anxious was he about the situation that he made the very unreasonable request to me to become a delegate-at-large from Pennsylvania when I had already been unanimously elected a delegate from my Congressional district. I vainly attempted to convince him that it mattered not whether I was a delegate-at-large or a district delegate, as my power to serve him would be just the same, and he persisted in urging me to go before the State convention with the ungracious request to elect me a delegate-at-large—a position that was sought as one of honor—when I was already a member of the delegation from my district.

The only possible explanation I could conceive was that, as Cameron was certain to be a delegate-at-large, he desired me to be one with Cameron and thus have both the Cameron and Curtin wings of the party equally represented at the head of the delegation. Fortunately, as it so happened, political conditions enabled me to carry out his wish, and Cameron and I were elected on the first ballot by a nearly unanimous vote.

WHY MR. LINCOLN SUPPORTED JOHNSON

I never suspected Lincoln's purpose in asking me to change my position as a delegate until three days before the meeting of the convention, when I went to Washington in obedience to his summons. He then asked me to vote for the nomination of Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. He had Cameron already committed to the nomination of Johnson as a War Democrat to succeed Hamlin, but he gave me no intimation of Cameron's position. I was favorable to the renomination of Hamlin, but, after hearing Mr. Lincoln's reasons for the request he made, I would have voted for Johnson in obedience to a sense of public duty, although Lincoln was not wrong in assuming that I was likely to vote for any candidate for Vice-President he especially desired. He was not opposed to Hamlin, but he knew that the success of the party depended upon bringing into the Republican fold a large body of War Democrats who had never become Republicans.

But the conclusive reason why he desired the nomination of Johnson was that it would most effectually prevent the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. That was the great peril in the last year of the war, and Lincoln believed that in no way could the success of the Government in the suppression of the Rebellion be so clearly presented to the world as by taking Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who had filled every important position within the gift of his State, and elect him to the Vice-Presidency from a reorganized rebellious State in the heart of the Confederacy. It is needless to say that, notwithstanding my prejudice against Johnson, I agreed to support him; but Lincoln's caution prevented him from giving me any intimation as to the attitude of Cameron, who was equally pledged to Lincoln in the Johnson cause. Cameron and I met at the convention in Baltimore on June 7 without either knowing the position of the other, and as our political relations were not of the confidential order, although our personal intercourse was always pleasant, it required some diplomacy for us to reach an understanding. Cameron had been committed to Hamlin, with whom he had served in the Senate, and was somewhat embarrassed, and he suggested that though he was friendly to Hamlin he did not believe that he could be nominated, to which I agreed. He then proposed that we should line up the two factions of the State in the delegation and cast a unanimous vote for Hamlin when the State was first called, and change it to a unanimous vote for Johnson when the roll-call ended, to which I readily assented; and with some effort we had a harmonious delegation on that line with the exception of Thaddeus Stevens. The vote of the State was, however, recorded unanimously for Johnson, and it was the like efforts of Lincoln in his very quiet and earnest way that made Andrew Johnson Vice-President and President.

GENERAL McCLELLAN OPPOSED TO MR. LINCOLN

The Democratic convention met in Chicago on August 29 and nominated General George B. McClellan for President, with George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for Vice-President. It was on the twenty-third of the same month that Lincoln had written the paper before referred to expressing his settled belief

that he would be defeated. Grant had been hammering away between the Wilderness and the James with appalling sacrifice of life and without visible substantial results. Sherman had been fighting his way toward Atlanta and had never won anything approaching a victory over Johnson. Thus the summer was well nigh ended without the inspiration of victory, and the long, fearful strain and sacrifice suffered by the people made many patriotic hearts inclined to accept peace on any reasonable terms.

The Democratic convention thus met just when the country was most profoundly impressed with the terrible sacrifices of war and the apprehension that the military power of the Confederacy could not be conquered. It was this condition that made the Democrats commit the fatal blunder of declaring in their national platform, "as the sense of the American people that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution," considerations of humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand "that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States." Had the election been held at that time McClellan would have been elected.

The two things which turned the tide overwhelmingly against McClellan and in favor of Lincoln were Sherman's dispatch from Atlanta telling that it had been captured and fairly won, and Sheridan's dispatches from the Valley, reporting his brilliant victories over Early. Those were the campaign documents which saved Lincoln from reasonably apprehended defeat and made McClellan figure as one of the lowest Presidential candidates in the electoral vote.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania was the only State that faltered in the October election of 1864. There was no State ticket to be chosen, and the Republicans assumed that Lincoln would carry the State without extraordinary efforts.

Our October election was practically a stand-off, and Lincoln telegraphed me on the morning after the election to come to Washington. He was much distressed at the attitude of our State, and apprehensive that New York, with Horatio Seymour as Governor, one of the ablest Democrats of the country, might vote for McClellan, as Tammany was then in the very zenith of its power. I had been Chairman of the State Committee when Lincoln was elected in 1860, and General Cameron was my successor in 1864. He was thoroughly competent for the task, but evidently did not appreciate the perils which confronted him. Lincoln asked me to join Cameron and devote the intervening month between the October and November elections to assure a victory. I answered that I could not make the suggestion to Cameron, as our political relations were not especially friendly, to which he replied by asking me whether I would do it if so requested by Cameron. I of course assented, and the following day I received a letter from Cameron requesting me to join him, where I found Honorable Wayne MacVeagh, who had been the Republican Chairman the year before and who was then not more friendly to Cameron than myself. We all united in an earnest effort to win the State.

HOW THE ARMY VOTE SAVED THE DAY

I had private quarters at the Continental, and Cameron's quarters were at the Girard. As requested, I advised Lincoln each day of the apparent progress of the battle. My reports were not so assuring as he desired, for the friends of McClellan, inspired by the partial victory of October, renewed their energies for the November fight. Postmaster-General Dennison came to see me on a special mission from Lincoln about two weeks before the election, to learn the situation as precisely as possible, and I had to tell him that I saw but little hope of carrying the State on the home vote. The Army vote would doubtless be largely for Lincoln and give him the State, but it would be declared a "bayonet election," and the moral power of the new Administration to prosecute the war and attain peace would be greatly impaired. My answer to Lincoln was that I would go to Washington within a few days if it should appear necessary to take extreme measures to save the State by the home vote.

As the political conditions did not improve, I telegraphed to Lincoln that I would meet him at nine o'clock in the evening to discuss the campaign. I found him nervously anxious about Pennsylvania, although not doubting his reelection. He knew that New York was trembling in the balance and might be lost, and his fears were fully warranted, as he had but little over 6000 majority in a million votes. I told him that I had not confidence in the State being carried by the home vote, but that it could be done without interfering with the military operations of the Army, as Grant was then besieging Petersburg and Sheridan had whipped the Confederates clear out of the Valley. I suggested that he should in some way have Grant furlough five thousand Pennsylvania soldiers home for twenty days, and that Sheridan should do the same, as that vote cast at home would insure a home majority. He hesitated about making the request of Grant, and I suggested that General Meade was a soldier and a gentleman, and that he could safely send an order to him as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and that Meade would obey it and permit the order to be returned.

A messenger from the War Office, who went the next morning to Meade bearing the order from Lincoln, brought it back with him, and fully five thousand Pennsylvania soldiers were furloughed to return home. I said: "How about Sheridan?" Lincoln's face brightened and with great enthusiasm he said: "Oh, Phil; he's all right."

The same order went to Sheridan, and he sent five thousand of his veterans home to vote as they shot, and Lincoln's majority on the home vote was 5712, to which the Army vote added 14,363, making a total majority in the State of 20,075.

Famous Feats of Journalism

The Capture of Patsy Early

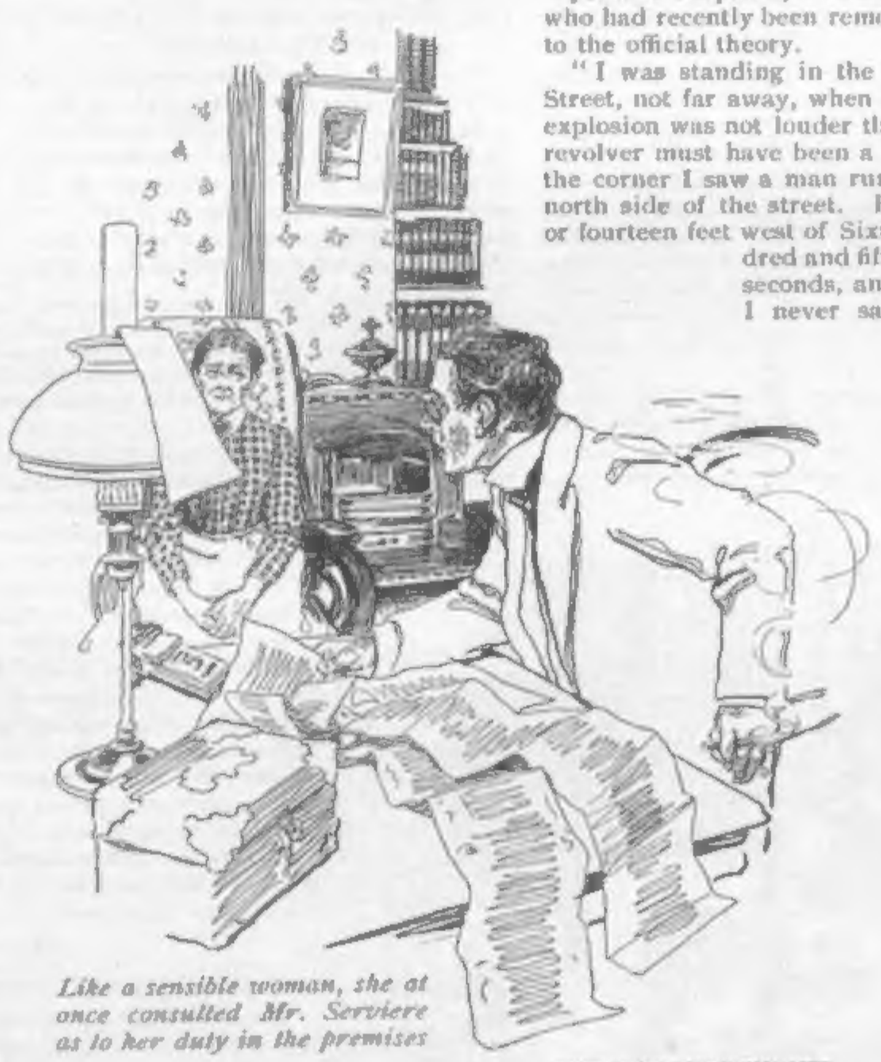
By William Vincent Byars

ON THE evening of August 9, 1881, William E. Louderman was murdered on one of the leading thoroughfares of St. Louis. Many people were standing or passing within a few feet of him, and one of the best detectives in America, a former chief of the St. Louis department, heard the shot, hastened to the side of the dying man, and in a few minutes formed as nearly a correct theory of the crime as it is possible for the human intellect to form of the unknown from *a priori* reasoning. Yet the murderer escaped unsuspected. The crime became a notable "police mystery," and in the attempts to clear it up one of the best police departments in the country almost succeeded in hanging an innocent man in order to vindicate its own earnestness and effectiveness. So little has the theory of detecting crime popularized by Émile Gaboriau and A. Conan Doyle to do with the reality!

At the time the murder was committed, electric lights were still a novelty, and as a rule the newspaper reports opened something like this:

> "Under the full glare of the electric light which shines from the front and sides of the Laclede Hotel, a murder was committed last night which promises to be one of the most mysterious ever committed in the city. The victim was William E. Louderman, son of John J. Louderman, one of the wealthiest men of the city, now spending the summer with his family at Brighton Beach."

The wealth of the family, the peculiarities of the murdered man, the ease with which the murderer escaped without leaving a trace, and the fact that there was a general desire at that particular time to hold the police department responsible for anything and everything, gave "the Louderman murder" precedence in St. Louis over all other topics, local, national or international; and day after day the electric lights of the Laclede Hotel "glared" in the St. Louis newspapers in a way which caused keen anguish at police headquarters—anguish which was undoubtedly accentuated and not successfully concealed by the general attempt to appear at once unconcerned and well-informed. Human nature at best has its deplorable weaknesses, from which even police reporters for the leading dailies are not wholly exempt, and in the great crises of the department there is an element of diabolism in the mild persistence with which newspaper men apply for news to the Captain, the Chief or other great man who has none to give, though he feels his reputation, and perhaps his place, may depend on satisfying the public.



Like a sensible woman, she at once consulted Mr. Serviere as to her duty in the premises

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

HOW THE POLICE KEPT UP APPEARANCES

A Chief of Police who has been thus disciplined in adversity, after having towered in his pride of place during prosperity, knows as nearly as any modern man can know how Saul felt on waking and finding the skirt of his robe cut off. This may seem irrelevant, but it was really the most important part of the connection in which Charles Wolf, truthful, dazed and finally desperate, found himself virtually convicted of murdering a friend with whom he had no shadow of a quarrel.

Wolf was an ex-policeman, and the friendship between him and the heir of the wealthy Louderman family was a result of young Louderman's belief in his own genius as a detective. Having a considerable allowance from his family and no compelling attachment to business of any kind, he became possessed by the idea that he had in him the making of a detective as great as Vidocq. Having one suite of rooms at the Southern Hotel and another on Spruce Street in the slums of the city, he cultivated the police, frequented detective headquarters, and studied the criminal life of the slums with a persistence which would have yielded admirable results if applied to a worthier object.

The police and detectives grew fond of him and often took him with them when visiting the resorts of criminals, that he might indulge what they looked upon as his harmless fancy. He was a representative of the class to which Mr. Toots in David Copperfield belonged in the days when he was sowing his wild oats, and his friends of the police department felt much the same regard for him which Mr. Toots never failed to inspire among his acquaintances.

On the evening of August 9, 1881, the young man and ex-policeman Wolf, one of his tutors in the great art of logical detecting, had gone to make a study of life in a Sixth Street wine-room, then known as the Canterbury Theatre. Returning from it at 10:45 o'clock, they reached the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, on which was situated the Laclede Hotel, one of the principal hotels of the city. Here a shot was fired and Louderman fell, dying. The bullet had severed the carotid artery and death was almost instantaneous.

The police were on the ground at once. Wolf's mind was in a state of great confusion, and he admitted having his hand on the murdered man's shoulder when the shot was fired. He was accordingly arrested and, during the progress of the subsequent police investigation, held as either the principal in the murder or an accomplice.

THE THEORY OF THE OPPOSITION

John C. Chapman, ex-Chief of the St. Louis detective force, who had recently been removed, went into strong opposition to the official theory.

"I was standing in the door of Number 10 North Sixth Street, not far away, when I heard a shot," he said. "The explosion was not louder than that of a fire-cracker, and the revolver must have been a 22-100 calibre. When I reached the corner I saw a man running as hard as he could to the north side of the street. Poor Louderman was lying twelve or fourteen feet west of Sixth Street. There were three hundred and fifty people there in less than twenty seconds, and a perfect swarm of policemen. I never saw officers get to a shooting so quickly. It looked as if they rose out of the ground. When I came to where the body was lying, I found ex-police officer Wolf bending over it. Now this is my theory of how it occurred. Louderman, though as good-hearted a young fellow as ever lived, was a crank on the detective business. He had left his rooms last night and, going along Sixth Street to some low resort, had 'detected' some rough or criminal and followed him to Sixth and Chestnut, where, as a result, the shooting occurred."

This is a condensation of a long and carefully worked out theory—so nearly correct in its general idea that it could hardly have been improved, and yet, through its very artistic and logical completeness, so misleading that even if the regular detectives had adopted it, it would have given them nothing but the artistic satisfaction of being logically in accord with all the known facts. Of course they could not adopt it officially. It represented the opposition, and its success would have been accepted as equivalent to a demonstration of the incompetency of the administration.

Poor Wolf was accordingly taken before the Coroner under guard. Judgment day had come for him. Ex-policemen are not necessarily angels, and subjected to the intelligent suspicion of several hundred policemen and detectives, working to vindicate themselves by convicting him, he himself must have wondered why he had not been hanged long ago. His only defense was that though he had his hand on Louderman's shoulder when the shot was fired, he did not know who did it and could not identify the murderer. This in itself was regarded as the gravest evidence of guilt and he was locked up, while from day to day the persistent and finally menacing newspapers were supplied with fresh proof that he must have committed the crime.

A NEWS TRUST IN MINIATURE

There was at this time among the Criminal Court reporters at "the Four Courts" in St. Louis a combination consisting of Mr. Gaston Serviere, afterward city editor of the Westliche Post; Mr. John Muelier, of the Daily Amerika, afterward editor of the Shoe and Leather Gazette; and a third newsgatherer, the representative of the Daily Republican (now the Republic). The two German reporters were accustomed

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Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles on Famous Feats in American Journalism, told by the reporters and correspondents who did the work. The next article will be by C. E. Harrington, who will tell how he went to London at a moment's notice to secure for his paper a copy of the carefully guarded Revised Version of the New Testament and first gave it to the world.

to bring their "tips" to their English associate who had a much greater amount of what is technically known as "leg-talent" than either of them. While one of them watched the police headquarters and the other the criminal courts, the Republican reporter went out into the city to "work up the tips"—that is, to get facts for a connected and reliable history of events of the day concerning which his associates had heard reports more or less vague.

On his return he divided with them loyally, as professionally he had a right to do, since their papers, printed in German, did not compete with his own. The result of this combination was a dreadful sacrifice of the efficient young men on other English dailies who looked down on "the Dutch" and knew nothing of the beauties of coöperation. They were "scooped" out of their situations week after week until, finally, the climax of the system came in the "Solution of the Louderman Murder Mystery."

WHAT DOCTOR DOYLE MIGHT HAVE LEARNED

If Doctor Doyle had ever reported the criminal courts of a great city he would have learned that at least in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a given thousand the mysteries of crime are solved not through the logical processes of detectives, prosecuting attorneys, grand juries—or even of the "detective press," if such a thing ever existed—but through the workings of the self-consciousness of the criminal. The most astute criminal, the greatest diplomat, the most admired statesman cannot successfully resist the moral forces of human nature, in himself and in all organized society, ceaselessly working to force him at last to disclose his realities, whatever they are.

After losing sleep for two weeks under the operations of this law, an accomplice after the fact in the Louderman murder, a young man hardly over eighteen, told his mother—a very worthy woman who took a highly respectable class of lodgers, one of whom was Mr. Gaston Serviere, able journalist and member of the combination above-mentioned. Like a sensible woman, she at once consulted Mr. Serviere as to her duty in the premises, and, like an able journalist, he advised her to postpone action and say nothing until he could take advice on it himself. He called in the Republican reporter at once and a council of war was held—from which Mr. Mueller was excluded on the ground that it was "too big an item"—a conclusion which, as it fully justified Mr. Mueller in withdrawing from the combination subsequently, suggests the necessary human limitations of what otherwise might be the unlimited benefits of efficient cooperation.

THE FIRST VAGUE HINT OF THE TRUTH

The story told by Mr. Serviere's landlady was vague in the extreme. It lacked detail, the names given were unreliable, and it left much unexplained, but it was evidently in the line of the facts, and a brief and comparatively commonplace investigation showed what the facts were. Louderman and Wolf on the evening of the murder had visited the Canterbury Theatre, and while there Louderman had spoken authoritatively, if not harshly, to a number of young men who were making an unnecessary noise. The oldest of them was under twenty-one, and though they were not necessarily very wicked, they belonged to the "tough element," which makes it a point of honor to resent what it construes as an insult.

After having complained to the proprietor of the theatre of the noise, Louderman left, accompanied by Wolf and followed by the young men—"Patsy" Early and four others—who expected to see Early "get satisfaction." On the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, perhaps an eighth of a mile from the theatre, two of them pressed in front of Louderman, and Early demanded an explanation.

Louderman attempted to push by them, and either shoved or struck one of them. Early immediately fired one shot from a small revolver and then ran without waiting to see the result. The murder had been committed, and the principal in it had disappeared in less time than it takes to tell it. One of the young men, however, who had been threatened with death if he told, remained and helped to carry the body of the murdered man into the neighboring drug store. He was never suspected, but it was through his confession that the facts finally came out.

It is a remarkable part of the case that this story had been communicated to the police immediately after the commission of the crime, but its simplicity led to its rejection. After investigation had convinced the two newspaper men of its reliability, they had to face the only real problem—that of keeping the other newspapers from getting the sensation. It is easily possible to hear the most sensational news, but to prevent other newspapers from hearing it also—that, during the latter half of the nineteenth century in American journalism, has called for intelligent selfishness of the highest order.

In this case, the problem was solved by a resort to the simplicities. The two newspaper men knew well that they could not go to their offices without taking an air of mystery with them which would soon pervade the entire building.

They resolved accordingly to disappear, without leave, taking all necessary and unnecessary risks, leaving their own papers and all the rest to go on hanging Mr. Wolf, to satisfy the public's sense of justice, until such time as the manuscript of a complete report of the murder, fully substantiated, could be handed in, between midnight and two o'clock on the morning before the report was to appear. This program was carefully carried out. At about one o'clock on Monday morning, August 15, 1881, the Republican reporter returned to his office and, without waiting to be asked to explain, placed on the city editor's desk in the neighborhood of half a ream of paper, with the facts of the murder "padded" to the last extremity, and arranged for double leads, "scare heads," and all the other paraphernalia of a "sensation."

Mr. Frank R. O'Niel, then city editor and afterward editor-in-chief of the paper, made a notable but only partly successful attempt to appear perfectly self-possessed as he read the first page of the manuscript. Failing, he abandoned the attempt and took the manuscript to Mr. William Hyde, the editor-in-chief.

Mr. Hyde promptly ordered the doors of the office locked, with orders that no one should leave the building until the paper had gone to press. The report asserted in positive terms that men until then unsuspected of crime were guilty of murder. It gave their names and residences, and made the charge so specific in every case that a mistake would have rendered the paper liable for crippling damages, certain to be collected. On the other hand, to leave out such an item or to hold it over with the certainty that it would cease to be exclusive was almost too painful to be thought of.

THE VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE

The event depended on the young man who had brought in the sensation, and when he was called into final consultation he professed himself prepared to resign in either of two contingencies—first, if the report were found unreliable; second, if it did not appear in the next morning's paper with as many double leads as could conveniently be crowded into it.

Nothing more was said. The editor-in-chief wrote on the margin of the first page of the copy, "O. K.—W. H.," and the city editor wrote the headlines. It went to the composing-room after the names and addresses of the murderer and his accomplices had been written on a slip of paper.

As soon as it was reasonably certain that the first edition of the paper with the report in it would get on the street without the other papers suspecting it, Mr. O'Niel and the Four Courts reporter drove to the house of Captain Anton Heubler, then acting chief of police, who, when they had made noise enough to arouse him, came to the front door in his nightshirt.

"Chief," said Mr. O'Niel with marked calmness, "here is a list of the names and addresses of the Louderman murderers, and as the paper which contains a full account of the murder will not be on the street for an hour, you will have a chance to arrest them, if you like."

It is hard to tell exactly what great men say on great occasions, but it is reported that Captain Heubler said simply, "Wait until I get my coat."

When a moment later he came down the stairs with the list of names in his hand he said quietly, but in a tone of intense disgust:

"I had these names days ago in an anonymous letter which I threw into the fire."

QUICK ARRESTS AND PROMPT CONFESSIONS

In the next hour the St. Louis police did work which in rapidity and thoroughness has never been equaled perhaps in the history of the country. The acting chief telephoned the central station to summon the sergeants for the district, and the whole business portion of the city sounded with the emergency signal. When Captain Heubler drove at full speed to the central station he found all the force he needed to work with, and he soon had the houses of Early and his accomplices surrounded front and rear by details of policemen. With each squad of police went a reporter for the Republican, and as soon as an arrest was made the prisoner was "interviewed" for the second edition of the paper.

Oppressed by the consciousness of guilt, and frightened out of their small senses by being dragged from bed at four A. M., the poor fellows confessed everything connected with the crime except their own responsibility for it. Before daylight all were arrested, and the city edition of the Republican contained a complete authentication of it in the confession of three of the parties to the crime.

In the gray of the morning a group of suspicious characters intercepted a Globe-Democrat carrier and persuaded him to give up one of the first copies of the paper. The headline over the murder mystery read: "The Louderman Murder; Unsuccessful Attempts of the Police to Find a Clew; Wolf the Only Man Who Knows the Murderer."

"We'll go home now," said the city editor, and they went accordingly. Next day the business office of the Republican sent the local rooms a hundred dollars with its compliments, and Colonel George Knapp, President of the Republican Company, told the Four Courts reporter that he was in the line of promotion to succeed Mr. Hyde as editor-in-chief.

MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies

PHOTO BY MOFFETT & CO., CHICAGO

SIR WILFRED LAURIER

In College with Senator Frye

My old friend and classmate, Senator Frye, has always been climbing to higher and higher positions. Once, some years ago, when I met him at the Hamilton, where he always lives when in Washington, he said to me jocosely that he was in a dilemma, being uncertain whether to accept a Senatorship or a higher position. He did not tell me what he regarded as a higher position than that of United States Senator—it may have been the office of Secretary of State; but his choice fell to the Senatorship. Now he touches, I think, the acme of his ambition, if in these days he really has any ambition—to occupy the chair of the Vice-President of the United States. Probably no better presiding officer of the Senate could be found.

The first time I saw Frye was in our Livy classroom at the beginning of our first term in Bowdoin College. I was not quite sixteen and he was about the same age. He appeared to me self-reliant and jolly. He hadn't yet come to his full size, but he was a very presentable youth. He had a perfectly shaped head and a fine forehead. His hair was darkish brown with light shades, and his eyes were just as they are now, large and noticeably blue—eyes that brighten immensely under excitement. As a Freshman, he roomed in Massachusetts Hall (North End) with Webster Pickard, a Junior. This chumming with a Junior cut him off considerably from his more humble classmates of the North College, where P. S. Perley and I enjoyed the fun and teasing of the Sophomores. I doubt if Frye ever had his proper share of the old discipline of hazing, though I saw him at football, once, considerably animated and indignant when Sophs mistook Freshmen's shins for the ball. He and I used to meet out of study hours at the gymnásium in the edge of the Pine Wood and practice jumping with the swing-rope for developing our muscles.

The remarkable thing about Frye at that time was his voice. It had a clear ring and demanded—commanded—attention. His memory was seldom at fault, and his recitation was excellent when he had previously studied. Boys of our age did not always have good lessons, because there were sometimes distractions that were dominating, and poor work was not always our fault. Think of that old-fashioned "hold-in" by the Sophomores at the chapel door, and of those "smoke-outs" in one's room! If one *had* studied, such disturbances always for a time acted unfavorably on the nerves and naturally troubled the reciting. There were suppers, society meetings, games and novels, which, indulged in over night, would at times occasion a poor rendering of language before Professor Packard in the early morning; or a noonday nap would bring on difficulty with Professor Smyth at his blackboard in the afternoon.

But Frye was better defended than I by having a Junior roommate and a conservative example, so that his recitations were generally good. It was my fortune, or rather the want of one, to teach school winters, and during my course of four years to stay out of college one whole fall term. But Frye came from Lewiston, where the falls of the Androscoggin by a storage of power enabled the people to have large factories; he himself belonged to the family of a manufacturer of ample means, so that he was not obliged to teach winter school, or do double work in term time. He retained his youth and elasticity all through the course, was very fond of his secret society, the Psi. U., and had many boon companions. Really, I do not know what would have become of him if he had not struck two important epochs after his graduation. One was the meeting with a charming and accomplished young lady, whom he married; after which, life to my classmate naturally became more serious.

The other important event was his public confession of the Great Master; there resulted what we in New England used to call a "change of mind."

In 1881, while I was commanding the Department of West Point, Frye called me to the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Auburn, Maine. When I arrived, Frye was on hand to meet me. A vast multitude had gathered about the covered monument and the nicely constructed platform; among them were families from far and near, his friends and mine. Frye presided and, after an invocation by the Chaplain and a patriotic piece by the Auburn band, made the introductory address. In the evening we had a Soldiers' Rally and Campfire with speeches. His addresses on both occasions so impressed me that I shall never forget either the substance of them or the manner of their delivery. His evening address was a fine summary of the events of the great war and a tribute to the veterans who had participated in it. His voice was so strong and resonant that the large crowd became silent at his first utterance, and he held their attention fixed to the close. I had heard that he could bring the noisy House of Representatives to silence and stop the talk of the lobby during his first three minutes on the floor.

As a lawyer, as an officer on the Governor's staff in war-time, as a public speaker of pronounced and peculiar eloquence, as a member of the House of Representatives faithful to his constituents, and finally as a United States Senator, William Pierce Frye has always played a distinguished part. Every subject he touches he masters, and for every opinion he entertains he can give a wholesome reason. Admiral Dewey, at Manila, gave us the entrance to an Empire in the Orient; Frye and his colleagues at Paris formulated and carried through treaty stipulations which secured it.

—OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,
Major-General United States Army (Retired).

The Secret of Sir Wilfred Laurier's Popularity

Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian Premier, is one of the most approachable of men, and in his days of prosperity does not forget his humble friends and associates of earlier days. A gentleman who presented letters of introduction to Sir Wilfred, while he was in Quebec last summer, relates an incident that displays this side of the Premier's character.

The business of the call having been transacted, Laurier asked:

"How would you like to take a trip about the old town?"

His visitor responded that he would enjoy it very much, and the start was made. Objects of interest were pointed out from the carriage, but not until the quarters of the old habitants were reached did Laurier display much enthusiasm. Once among the old French people his eyes lighted up, and soon a torrent of the *patois* was pouring forth.

"Ah, Uncle Basil," to an old man standing in the doorway, "it is some time since we met. How is that rheumatism? Still troubling you? And *petite* Anne, where is she? What, married! But no, that is not possible. Her child, that little one on the doorstep? *Eh bien!* How time does fly!" And Laurier left the carriage, took the little one in his arms, kissed it, and then, leaving some silver with Uncle Basil, he resumed his seat in the carriage, and was slowly driven down the street.

"These are my children," he said. "I love them dearly."

PHOTO BY GILBERT & BACON, PHILADELPHIA

MAY IRWIN

Wasted Instruction

The University of Chicago, like its great rivals in the East, has a department of Provençal and the other Romance languages, which was lately filled by the appointment of Professor F. M. Warren, formerly of Adelbert College. A day or so after his appointment a good old lady friend said:

"I was very much surprised to hear that Doctor Warren had left professing to become a romancer and to teach boys and girls how to romance. They know enough of it already without any teaching."

May Irwin Off the Stage

Jolly May Irwin has serious moments when she plans out the future of her two big sons, Walter and Harry, or, with a foresight remarkable in a woman, looks out for the days to come by shrewd investments of the money earned in "coon" songs, or unctuous spontaneity which may be at strong variance with her true feelings when the curtain is rung down. Of all the women of the stage she is the most serious.

Persons who have an idea that the actress lives in an atmosphere of diamond showers and late suppers would gasp in astonishment to see this popular favorite engrossed in the composition of a pudding or worried over the vagaries of a crochet pattern. Sarah, the colored maid, who has for fourteen years ruled the Irwin kitchen, quite delights in these lessons, and she is always ready to testify that her mistress would make a far better cook than actress.

On Irwin Island Miss Irwin is queen. Here she revels in a library of rare books. Here she chums with her sons and the many friends who enjoy her freehanded hospitality. Here she goes bareheaded and light-hearted from June to September, putting the artificial life behind her.

Tom Donahu and the Wild Elephants

There is a man in New York who could give Ernest Seton Thompson points on wild animals he has known. He is Tom Donahu, and for more than thirty years he has been night watchman in the Central Park Zoo. Before that he was in the United States Navy. That is where his courage was first put to the test, during the Civil War, but it has had plenty of chance for exercise since. The night watchman's arms are a lantern, a stout stick and a shotgun, which he does not carry with him. His attendants are two bull-terriers who will fight anything from runaway elephants to rats.

Once Camp and Barnum left seventeen wild elephants in Central Park all summer. They were apparently playful, amusing beasts, well-behaved and amiable, but in reality they were, as a rule, so disobedient that they could not be trusted with the shows on the road. Most of them were man-killers. They were kept in a paddock now converted into the hippopotami preserve. Each pachyderm was chained to a peg driven into the earth, and during the day they were watched by Snyder, now head keeper of the Zoo, and "Frenchy," an itinerant elephant man, whose present residence is unknown. At night, Donahu, with his stick and his dogs, was in sole command.

One night old Samson, a sullen, surly brute, scarred with white-hot irons, dented with blows from crowbars, an unsubduable beast who had killed half a score of keepers, broke loose and started browsing around the paddock, jostling other elephants and stirring up revolt. His trumpeting, and the shrill cries of the smaller beasts he had excited, soon brought Donahu to the scene. A newspaper reporter was with him, luckily, and to him the watchman handed his lantern. Then vaulting the paddock fence, he leaped in among the now thoroughly aroused elephants. In an instant he was in front of Samson and was beating his trunk.

Before the brute realized what was being done he was driven back to his place and the chain around his hind leg was fastened securely to the peg. Then the watchman gave him a few more lusty blows on his tender trunk, which finally elicited a cry of submission, and he darted through the maze and was back on the pavement.

"Risky thing to do, Tom," observed the reporter when the herd had quieted down.

"Indeed it was," honestly commented the watchman. "Do you know I've got my Sunday clothes on? I wonder who'd have paid for them if that old beast had ripped them."

OF THE HOUR
of Contemporaries

How Admiral Selfridge Lost His Ship

There is an officer in the American Navy who has the distinction of having lost his ship and escaped both court of inquiry and court martial. He was never reprimanded, nor, officially, was he notified by the Navy Department that as commander of a warship he was responsible for its loss and must explain. This officer is Rear-Admiral Selfridge the second, recently retired from the service, whose father is the senior ranking Rear-Admiral on the retired list, with another son now a Commander in the Navy

It was back in the early seventies that Admiral Selfridge then a Lieutenant-Commander in charge of the sloop-of war Saganaw, cruising in the Pacific, was ordered by the Department to proceed to an almost unexplored part of the ocean and there to look for an island little known on the charts. The precise location was not definitely known, and Lieutenant Selfridge was told to hunt up the island, make a survey of it, and plot on charts the currents and rocks near shore

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE

It was a long trip, but Lieutenant Selfridge carried out the essential part of his instructions; he found the unknown land Unfortunately he underestimated its length, and, during a dark night, the old Saganaw piled up on the rocks and broke her back. Two hundred men were cast ashore on an island where there was no fresh water and little to eat. Lieutenant Selfridge was a strict disciplinarian, and maintained the same severe observance of the regulations that would be expected of a ship's company on shore. He held two courts-martial, sentenced men to hard work, and all the time kept the crew busy catching fish and securing what food was obtainable. He knew the nearest civilized country was Hawaii, many miles away, and being out of the line of commerce, it was necessary that this land must be reached to secure relief. A whaleboat was patched up and dispatched on the long trip, only to meet disaster in the surf as she entered the harbor of Hawaii. There is a tablet now at the Naval Academy commemorating the heroic conduct of the young officer who lost his life. Of the crew of four, but one man reached the shore

Lieutenant Selfridge's party after many months was rescued, and when he reached Washington he was congratulated by the Secretary of the Navy for his strict attention to duty while on shore and the care he had taken of his men. Never a word was said about the loss of the Saganaw, and to-day Admiral Selfridge stands alone as the only officer perhaps in any navy who has lost his ship without being held to account for it. In the British service the Captain who loses his vessel never gets another command.

The Dead Man Who Was Much Alive

Nicholas D. Bragaw, now a staid commercial man in New York, was a citizen many years of Colorado and other mining regions. His brother Robert was heavily interested in mines and was Postmaster and Mayor of Ouray. One winter, what with busy times in the camp and such unexpected incidents as premature blasts and lynching bees there was a dearth of men, and to help his brother in the post-office Mr. Bragaw took charge of the railway postal service for the Government in that district

"It was not an unpleasant life after you once got used to it," he said recently in describing it. "The grandeur of the scenery, the bracing air of the mountains and forest, the ice-cold water of the streams, and the good nature of the people more than offset the accidental bullet and the occasional bowie knife. One day, in 1882, we started from Leadville out at the top of a long incline which followed the meanderings of the California Gulch. We were fifteen minutes late on account of a blizzard and wanted to make up lost time. The day was a very dark one in January; my lamps were burning and my little stove blazing fiercely. I noticed the train was going very fast, but supposed we were making up lost time As the velocity increased I suddenly realized that the train had run away. Nothing was to be done. If we were going to smash no power could prevent it, and if we were not my mail-bags would have to be ready for delivery. I worked hard it seemed for hours. As a matter of fact, however, it was only a few minutes. Then the front of the car, the ash-pan and the mail bags seemed to rush at me and I became unconscious. When I came to I found myself thumping the floor with my head and struggling with imaginary foes. I then recalled where I was, and slowly and painfully extricated myself from the mountain of letters, papers and mail bags which had providentially served as safety buffers for my body

"We had run into a train ahead of us, and the mail car had been crushed at both ends while the middle had been left intact. We were not far from a telegraph station, and in a few minutes the news had been carried in every direction. Now here comes the queer part: a locomotive and a wrecking car were not far away and were sent promptly to our relief; the track was cleared, the mails were transferred, and I had the pleasure that evening of alighting at my destination on time with all of my mail. I was received with a wild welcome by the population of the place, who had come prepared to receive the dead

President Eliot's Left-Handed Compliment

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, the successor of the lamented Phillips Brooks, tells this little joke upon himself with keen relish

It was at the time when there was a vacancy in the bishopric and Doctor Brooks was the most prominent candidate Mr Lawrence, then Dean of the Theological School in Cambridge, was walking with President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the two were discussing the situation

"Don't you hope Brooks will be elected?" asked the Dean

"No," said Doctor Eliot; "a second or third rate man would do just as well; and we need Brooks in Boston and Cambridge

Phillips Brooks was elected, and a little later Doctor Eliot and Mr. Lawrence again discussed the matter

"Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" queried the Dean

"Yes, I suppose so," said Doctor Eliot if he wanted it but to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man

Why He Did Not Cooperate

To Mrs Imogene C. Fales, of Bensonhurst, New York, belongs much of the credit of establishing the cooperative movement in the United States She had been impressed with the success of the system in Great Britain while traveling there in the seventies, and on her return began an active campaign to establish it in this country. Possessing great wealth and marked literary and forensic ability, she gradually built up a large organization Among those who aided her in the beginning of the work were Rev. Dr. Heber Newton Rev. Dr. de Costa, the Honorable Charles Codman, of Boston, and Professor Bjerregaard

The brunt of the work, however, was sustained by Mrs. Fales, who spoke in more than two hundred cities, wrote and distributed leaflets, circulars and books and published the Sociologic News

Once there was a call from a man whose hair and beard ran riotously about his face. He asked anxiously: "Is this scheme a new religion?" "Oh, no," said Mrs. Fales "Is it a new politics?" "Not in the least." "Is it against the Government?" "Not at all," answered Mrs Fales. "Then I don't want nothing to do with it."

Señor Pacheco's Malay Creeses

The beautiful weapons which have been sent home as trophies from the Philippines have brought into prominence the artistic skill of the Malays in this kind of metal work The finest specimen exhibited thus far is a bolo presented recently to Adjutant-General Corbin by Brigadier-General Schwan, now with General Otis in Luzon.

Señor A. Antonio Pacheco, the ex Administrator of Macao, who is a visitor to the United States, has the most famous collection of these Malay arms in the far East

"The bolo," he says, "is a straight, flat bladed weapon, used for both cutting and thrusting It is widest at a point about one-third from the hilt, and tapers in a graceful curve to the point and in converging lines toward the handle. In size it varies from that of a dirk knife to that of a short sword. The creese, on the other hand, has a waved or serpentine edge and a channeled surface. These channels at one time were poisoned. Few of the Malays poison their blades the practice being confined to three or four small tribes in the interior of Borneo and Mindanao The creese ranges from a small dagger scarce four inches long to a sword three feet long. It is used almost exclusively for thrusting. Both creese and bolo have a handle shaped like a pistol grip, but the extreme end is carved into graceful finials that suggest the prow of a Venetian gondola. The prices depend upon the steel, the workmanship and the silver and gold ornaments upon the handle, and range all the way from ten cents up to forty and fifty dollars."

WILLIAM P. FRYE

MRS. ISOBEL STRONG

Mrs. Strong's Story of Samoa

Mrs. Isobel Strong, for years the faithful amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, possesses a unique vocabulary which may be likened to a mosaic of picture words. Once when questioned about this she said

I suppose if I have anything peculiar in my speech it is because I am easily influenced by travel and association I sometimes think I have been verbally infected by every land I have visited." And, of course, she has been all over the world

Mrs. Strong has written of her travels very entertainingly and her fame as an author is a growing one. It is when she talks of Samoa that she is most interesting to those who have the good fortune to hear her descriptions and reminiscences of the far away island and its people

"I shall never forget one incident," said she, "which is a lesson in patriotism. My mother and myself welcomed all the men-of-war that came into Samoan waters, and gave little social affairs in honor of the visitors, which we thoroughly enjoy

There were ships from Germany, France, England, and I don't know how many countries, and, oh! how we longed for ships from our own beloved United States

"One day they came, and their coming will not soon be forgotten. Certainly we are not likely to forget it. The first thing they did was to shell our city and send their shots right through our house."

Misunderstood Patriotism

Professor Alfred B. Adams of New York, was a soldier in the Civil War, and took part in the Red River campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a Southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the Southern Government General Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla Each bale was stenciled C. S. A., and over this the Northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters U. S. A. I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners a handsome, bright eyed young Southern officer, said 'Yank what's that writing there?'

I looked proudly at him as I replied, 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read U. S. A over C. S. A.?'

"He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of America Cotton Stealing Association'

The next question he put to me I didn't answer"

The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

Part II—Fifth Chapter

THE trio arrived at the little loaning shaded with irregular alders and birches which led between the two "parks" pertaining to the house of Millwharchar. The two first acquainted were maintaining a brisk conversation on the merits of various wild flowers, Bell preferring the wild white rose and Adam Home holding out for the modest gowan, while a step behind them, Hector Faa, with his hand in the flap of his right pistol pocket, listened with a smile as incredulous as it was contemptuous.

Suddenly a turn of the loaning brought them face to face with a startling apparition.

"Halt there where ye stand, or prepare forthwith to meet your Maker!" exclaimed a voice stern as the law and all the prophets.

The young people looked up from their pleasant converse of word with word and glance with glance. Close to them, and elevated a little on the broad stone step of the farmhouse, stood a striking and almost tremendous figure. Coat of blue, ancient steeple-crowned Puritan hat towering above, steel breastplate winking beneath, buff knee breeches covering limbs sturdy as an average man's body, shoon buckled with huge clasps of hammered iron—thus before them instant and minatory, stood Ninian MacLurg. His long stocked, brown "Queen Anne" musket was leveled directly at Adam Home, a second piece stood contiguous to his hand, and the bare blade of an Andrea Ferrara glittered against the wall of rough harled masonry whereon it leaned hilt upward.

Six foot six in height stood Ninian MacLurg, tough as an ancient oak, keen eyed as an eagle, irascible and indomitable as in all Scotland only he could be.

"Oh, father," cried Bell, "put down your gun. These gentlemen are in trouble and have come to beg your assistance."

"Out of my gate, lasste," cried her father, glancing down the barrel of his piece, "gentlemen, forsooth! They are rebels, cave-lurkers, sheep-stealers. Make your peace with God, gentlemen. It was an ill day that you thought to cozen Ninian MacLurg with your traitorous speeches."

Then Bell, with terror, threw herself in front of Adam Home, and cried to her father: "Do not shoot! It was my fault. I brought him here. He hath a sick companion who needs your help. You would not refuse it, for your heart is kind. Oh, father, be forbearing with him!"

The eye of Ninian MacLurg never wavered along the leveled tube.

"Take your hand out of your pocket hole, little ugly gipsy man—one, two, three—out with it! I thank you. Now, long man with the tashed coat, say after me, with your hands held up to Heaven, 'God save King George and confound Jamie the Pretender!' You have till I count thirty to save your life."

Hector Faa's hand, which, obedient to the first invention, had been reluctantly withdrawn from the vicinity of his pistol, now began to return stealthily. But he reckoned without his host.

"Your hands above your head, little man—so!—as you hope for life, keep them there. Now, sir, to your catechism. Say after me, 'God save King George.'"

Up to this moment Adam Home's fingers had been busy with the gowan which he had pulled to illustrate his argument with Bell. But he turned to that maiden now, as her father began to count slowly, "One—two—three"; in an audible voice he said: "Mistress Bell, you were right; will you give me that rose from your neck in exchange for my gowan? I think, after all, it is the finer and fairer flower. At least, I love the better to wear it."

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen," came the steady count.

"Oh, take it," cried Bell; "take it, and say what he tells you; for my sake say it. My father is a man of his word. I will never be saucy again; I will do anything you wish if only this once you will say 'God save King George.'"

For your sake I would if I could at all, sweetest maid, the young man said, "but the true King is more to me than life—more, even, than love!"

Twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five.

Adam Home instinctively put his petitioner at arm's length from him, and with a quiet and assured mien fitted the white rose to his buttonhole, first reverently kissing the emblem of the Stuart race, which was now also a lady's favor.

He was adjusting it to his satisfaction, and giving a little pat to the lapel of his coat, when the inexorable voice from the doorstep counted on, level and monotonous, "Twenty-eight—twenty-nine——"

Crash!" went the Queen Anne musket.

The young man, Adam Home, stood for a moment after the report in his ordinary attitude of careless ease. Then, all suddenly, he swayed, clasped his hand on his right side, gripped himself, as it were, and, turning to Bell, with his other hand he raised his hat.

"I fear that I need not trouble you any longer. I would [illegible] but I am infinitely indebted to you—indebted——"

And the hand that had held the hat aloft sinking heavily down, its owner slowly pitched forward, rather than fell and lay motionless on his face among the straw which cumbered the yard.

Sixth Chapter

AT THE first pull of Ninian MacLurg's finger on the trigger Hector Faa had dodged like a weasel behind a red bodied mountain cart, and now his pistol-barrel glanced over the back bar with the sharp eye of the hill-gipsy twinkling small and bright behind it like the eye of a bird.

The Laird of Millwharchar had not, however, expended his whole magazine at one shot. He seized the gun, which stood against the wall, by the barrel and, cocking it, advanced toward the fugitive entrenched behind the trail-cart.

Hector Faa's teeth gradually uncovered, and he waited till his assailant was within a dozen paces and then fired. The bullet, being well aimed, struck the second musket upon the side of the lock, glancing off, however, and flattening itself against the wall without doing any damage.

"The God of battles hath delivered the wicked into my hands!" cried Ninian MacLurg as he caught the trail-cart suddenly by the pole and turned it over, almost but not quite upon the top of Hector Faa, for that active man of the hills, losing his position and acknowledging defeat as readily as victory, instantly fled, leaving his discarded pistol on the ground, so anxious was he to avoid underlying the tender mercies of the Laird of Millwharchar. He sped across the courtyard, almost bowed to the ground, and ran with all his power for the heath.

Ninian turned about for his Ferrara blade. He had a score of steps to go back to recover it, which gave the nimble fugitive a considerable start. But in a moment it was in his hand, and, with his great body thrown forward and every nerve strained, the laird took up the chase as eagerly and determinedly as if twenty-six instead of sixty-two had been the number of his years. But Hector Faa had a long start, and strain as he would, Ninian could not overtake him nor reduce by an appreciable inch the distance between them.

Bell, overwhelmed with shame and pity, was left alone with the wounded man. With a great effort of strength she turned him over till his head rested on her shoulder. She was surprised to feel how light and supple he was. She thought that she could almost carry him in her arms.

BELL, OVERWHELMED WITH SHAME AND PITY, WAS LEFT ALONE WITH THE WOUNDED MAN

At this moment her two brothers, Alec and John, came into the courtyard, and stood astonished to find their eldest sister with the head of a wounded man on her shoulder.

"Bell," the two lads cried simultaneously, "what in the world are you doing with the man?"

Come and help this instant, great gomerels," replied that acrid maiden; "think you that I am playing 'Jook my-Joe about the stacks on Hallowe'en?"

Alec and John approached gingerly, looking around for their father as they did so with a glance which told much of the Spartan nature of their up bringing.

"Who is he, and what are you going to do with him?"

"He is a young lord who came to ask a favor of my father," said Bell, "and he has shotten him. And, oh! if he dies our father will hang. Come; help me with him to the old stable-loft of Larbrax. Will Begbie will hide him there, or I shall know the reason why."

The lads demurred. It was a good half mile to the deserted steading of Larbrax. Their father might return. What would they say to him when he came back and found the wounded man gone?

"Leave all that to me," cried Bell; "say not a word to the other lasses. Take hold of him, I say."

And so, with their imperious sister at the head, Alec in the midst, and John at the feet, they laid Adam Home on a dismounted door which stood at the back of the byre, and prepared to carry him to the stable-loft of Larbrax.

Alec and John soon tired of their burden, and Bell had to threaten and cajole them, turn about to make them keep to their work. At last, to shame them, she took a turn at the foot of the door, relieving John, who sulked along after them. Her arms were almost dragged from their sockets, and there was a tearing stitch in her side which threatened to deprive her of breath altogether.

As she looked at the young man's face it appeared to wear the selfsame smile with which he had thanked her for the white rose, and her heart prayed that he might not be dead, and the dishonor forever laid upon her father's head that he had shot down an unarmed and unresisting man upon his own doorstep.

Even as she stumbled along, biting her lips with the effort not to cry out and drop the board on which Adam Home lay stretched out, the eyes of the wounded man were slowly opened. Consciousness struggled back into them. Seeing Bell at his feet, he strove to raise himself, but with a determined shake of the head she motioned him to lie still where he was.

Then John, who had been gradually growing ashamed of himself, craved that she should let him back to his place;

Editor's Note—This is the second part of a four-part romance begun in the Post of February 3

but Bell, with a new strength in her veins from the knowledge that he was alive, would not surrender her post, and permitted him only to help in Alec's place at the side.

In this wise came the procession into the silent courtyard of the old farm town of Larbrax. Now, the "stable-laft" into which Bell proposed to convey Adam Home was of peculiar construction, and had obviously been built to suit the needs of difficult and dangerous times.

It was, in fact, not upon the top of the stable at all, but over the barn. That store house of fodder and sheaves had been originally built with a double roof, the inner being of less steep slant than the outer, leaving a space of some five feet high all along the length of the barn. This was entered from the real stable-loft by a wall-press of which the back was composed of wood roughly plastered over to imitate stone.

It was with some pain and no small difficulty that Adam Home was carried up the narrow ladder which led to the outer loft. From thence the road was easier, but the wounded man had to endure many a pang before he found himself deposited on a bed of clean straw, with the little green skylight carefully extracted and placed among the thatch in order to let in the air and a glimpse of the blue sky.

Then, at last, sending off the lads, Alec and John, lest her father should have arrived home before them, Bell kneeled beside Adam Home and cut away the waistcoat and fine shirt from the wound, the locality of which was all too easily discoverable by the oozing red which dyed with a fresher scarlet the faded red of his military undercoat.

"This is kind of you," he said; but she could only answer him with her tears as she bent tenderly to bathe the wound.

The bullet, she found, had made a long, tearing cut, glancing along the rib, but not reaching the backbone.

"Will you tell me exactly what it looks like?" said Adam Home. "I am enough of a surgeon to know whether or not it is dangerous."

Bell checked her sobs in order to obey him.

"That is well," he said cheerfully, "yet I fear much I shall be a trouble to you for some time. But where am I at this moment?"

The girl told him that he was at the old and deserted farm steading of Larbrax and in perfect safety—that no one but the owner, Will Begbie, ever came there.

The wounded man took a swift glance at her as she attentively bound up the wound with strips of her kirtle, till she had extemporized as good a dressing as was possible.

Then, leaving the last strip of cloth she could spare wet upon his brow, and promising soon to return, Bell tripped down the ladder and carefully closed the door behind her.

Seventh Chapter

ARRIVED at the outer air, Bell went in search of Will Begbie. She would find him, she was sure, at the New Farmtown, where he resided with an old housekeeper, by name Tibby Lee, and a shepherd or two, whose duties kept them all day on the hill. But upon her arrival there she found silence in the wide spaces of the yard, broken only by the "chunnering" of the hens in their dustbaths under the bank. Silence dominated the house when Bell stood on the steps and called "Will!" Then, when at last she mustered courage to open the door by lifting the iron latch with its new-fangled broad thumb piece, her call of "Will, I want you!" was answered only by the pushing back of a wooden door as Yarrow, his half-blind old collie, rose from beneath the kitchen table and came inquiringly to the door.

But Yarrow could not inform Bell where his master was, though he thrust a moist nose of sympathy into her hand, so she had to seek further. On a bench in the new barn was a tankard from which the ale had been so recently drained that the yellow froth bubbles had not yet had time to reach the bottom. The girl's voice rang through the wide, dusky spaces from threshing-floor to rafters.

"Will! Will! Oh, Will—I want you!" But Will Begbie was not to be seen.

The girl was heartsick and distressed. She thought with a sharp self-reproach mingled with a wild pleasure of how the young man in the tarnished officer's dress had helped her with the peat fitting. She recounted to herself (after the manner of women) how often their hands had touched each other, and especially she recalled again that quick, backward fling of the head as often as she broke the crust of his formality with her daring pleasantries.

"It is all Will Begbie's fault. He ought to be here when I want him. He is often enough in the way when I don't."

"Will Begbie is here, Mistress Isobel!" said a tall, fresh complexioned youth. "In what can I serve you?"

"Indeed, Will Begbie, there is much that you can do," said Bell, dashing into her explanation before she lost courage. "My father shot a rebel, and I have had him carried to the old barn over there. He lies in the secret laft. You do not mind, do you?"

Bell lifted up beseeching eyes, wet with recent tears, to the youth who stood before her. He in his turn set his fingers underneath his bonnet sideways and, tilting it a little, scratched his head with a quaint perplexity.

"A dead man—a murdered man in my barn, and your father did it?" he said, with an appreciable interval.

"Neither a dead man, nor yet, even if he had been dead, a man murdered by my father. He is a rebel officer, and came to ask succor and safe conduct. It was my fault. I brought him. But my father, being an angry, hot man, would not listen to a word, and gave him only half a minute to cry "God save King George." Then when he would not thus be hurried into loyalty my father shot him down."

Will Begbie shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. "Bell," he said doubtfully, "you know not what you ask. It is rank treason to conceal a rebel, and it might go against my neck were it known. Besides, I am a good King George's man, and so was my father before me."

Bell flushed a small key from her pocket, and leaping to her feet and thrusting it under his nose, she cried out indignantly: "Here, take it, there is the key of the secret laft. Go and betray the man that trusted you; betray me that thought better of you than of any of her own folk. But never from this day forth look the road Bell MacLurg is on till the day you die the death of a traitor and a spy!"

"Nay, Bell," he stammered, "I meant nothing of the kind. I was just a little taken aback at the first go off. I will never betray any that trusted me. I will go and see the man now. Will you accompany me?"

"Thank you, Will; I knew you would see reason. You always can be convinced. But, before you go, can you think of any kindly, silent man with the skill of a surgeon? There is none that I can remember but Dominie Duncan Robison over at the clachan. He has the name of great skill. Can you advise me if with his official position we could count on his holding his tongue in the matter of the rebel?

The slower wits of Will Begbie revolved the problem a while and looked at it from all points. "I think it would do," he said. "They whisper cannily that Duncan, being a Highlandman himself, hath a warm side to the King ower the water. I am sure he would deal kindly with the old man."

"I said not that the rebel was an old man, Will," said Bell quickly; "he is not so very old."

"I will go and see him," said the farmer of Larbrax with less exuberance of spirits than he had hitherto shown. And this time he did not invite Bell to accompany him.

They walked together, however, to the old farm town, and then Will Begbie went up alone. When he came down ten minutes after his face was altered. It was sterner and older.

"I will do it, Bell," he said; "but mind, it is for your sake I will help this man to escape out of the country."

"And partly for my own," he added to himself.

Eighth Chapter

BELL'S father did not return to Millwharchar till late at night, and when he came in none dared ask a question of him as he sat himself down by the fire now gloomily staring at the sullen glow of the peat ashes, and now rubbing briskly at the blade of his Andrea.

Suddenly he flung a question at Bell, and the lads, who sat by the slender illumination of a candle pretending to read, trembled till their chap books shook like willow leaves in a westerly wind.

"What came of the young rebel that I shot?"

Bell had been expecting the question ever since she had heard her father's step on the threshold, and she had been prepared for it long before that.

"Some ill-looking gangrel lads came down from the hills and carried him off, we knew not where," she answered looking at Alec and John, daring them to say a word.

"Some of Hector Fan's crew of rascals, I doubt not," grumbled her father. "Hark ye, Mistress Bell; never let me hear of you passing word of mouth with any belonging to that gang, or I will banish you from my fireside, never to return."

Under the skilful leechdom of the dominie, who proved as silent and willing as Will Begbie had foretold, and the bright, occasional visits of Bell to his lonely garret, the wounded man recovered quickly. But Will Begbie never went from home to kirk or market all the time that Adam Home lay in the secret loft above the old barn. And only on one occasion did Bell see her invalid alone. So anxious was Will to preserve him from intrusion and guard him from all excitement that he frequented the old farm town more than he had done in twenty years.

The solitary exception to Will Begbie's unsleeping watchfulness chanced on the afternoon of the day before Adam Home and his friend Glenmorrison were to sail, as castaway foreign sailors of no particular nationality, in a lugger which was putting out from the Ferry Port of Cree. Will had been called away suddenly by a message that one of his horses had fallen into a moss-hole on the march between Larbrax and Millwharchar Moor. The message was brought by John MacLurg, and its genuineness was somewhat suspect, owing to the fact that John was seen to spend one silver crown on a new thistle buckle for his bonnet and another on parti-colored ribands for the lasses over at the clachan that night, where, as it happened, a traveling chapman was displaying his wares and driving a brisk trade.

At any rate, the horse was definitely and indubitably in the bog, and had to be extricated with ropes. Nevertheless, so strange is chance that before Will was over the hill Bell MacLurg had set John to guard the approaches of the old farm steading and had gone up to say farewell to Adam.

She found him wearing a coat of Will Begbie's, while his own, carefully mended and brushed, hung on a nail behind him. He was pale, but was able to rise, so far as the low rafters would allow him, to greet her entrance.

"You are going to leave us to morrow," said Bell after the pause that follows most salutations; "how glad you must be!"

"I shall indeed be glad that I am again to see the sky and breathe the unconditioned air," he said, dropping into his old, ornate diction; "but I grieve that I can receive no more such angel visits as this. I can never repay that which you have done for me. But neither will I ever forget. In happier times I shall return. There are even now good friends in high place who urge me to make my peace with the Government. Also I think that they themselves will soon have had enough of the ax to satisfy even Hanoverian tastes."

Bell and Adam Home sat on two stools, looking at each other, awkward as school children left alone when the master is out, and they know not when he will return.

A light, quizzical smile came over Adam's face.

"If I come back next year in time for the peat fitting will you give me the rest of my lesson?"

Bell was silent, but a deep flush slowly covered her face.

"Here, take it; there is the key of the secret laft"

"Do not——" she said, "be a little generous. You are a great man. I heard Hector Fan call you 'My lord.' And though after a fashion you explained his words, yet I have not seen you so much without knowing that you belong to a different world from that in which we simple folk of Galloway dwell. Leave us alone to our dull lives. We have done our best to help you to life again, as one Christian should help another. But do not come back. I pray you do not come back!"

There were tears in her eyes now, and Adam Home thought he had never seen them so large and beautiful, deep as the cloudless zenith before the sun rising. He came forward and took both her hands.

There was a whistle.

"Haste ye—haste ye, Bell," cried her brother; "they have shifted the horse beast out of the mire!"

Adam Home stood by the plastered door. He held Bell's hands a moment in his. "I have not the right now," he said looking down at her lips and blushful face, "but when the roses bloom and the peats are fitted I will come again and ask for what I dare not take."

"Ah, do not——" she began, but could get no further. For, with a courtesy such as she had only dreamed of, he lifted the fingers of the Bonnet Laird's daughter to his lips and respectfully kissed them. Then with a resolute hand he shut the door after her.

Next day at the fair at Cree Bridge, as Bell stood by the little jetty which protruded into the brown tidal water, a tanned foreign sailor with a red knitted cap on his head came limping past.

"Will you buy a purse, pretty lady?" he said in broken English.

Bell knew the voice at once. It was that of Adam Home. But she could not find a word with which to answer him.

"I thank you," he said aloud, as if he had received a price; and, touching his cap, he moved away. She saw him get on board the lugger, which looked so slight and frail a craft in which to cross the wide seas to France, yet had proved herself capable by many a successful voyage to Fécamp and Le Havre.

The tide being full, the rope was immediately cast off, and with a favorable wind the boat moved off.

Bell stood on the quay and watched. The foreign sailor took off his cap and swung it about his head. Bell's hand wavered piteously up in reply, but dropped again in a moment as if ashamed of its own daring. Then, as she turned away, she eagerly opened the purse. It contained nothing but a withered white rose.

"What have you got there in that old purse, Bell?" said Will Begbie cheerily in her ear.

He had rid himself of the rebel officer, and since he knew nothing of John MacLurg's vigil, his heart pulsed light and secure within his bosom.

"Tell me—what have you stowed away so secretly and anxiously in that old purse?" he cried again.

"Nothing but a seed for next year's garden," answered Mistress Isobel MacLurg.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Decline of Conviction

PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Yale, recently threw some incidental light on the decline of oratory in this country. He pointed out the fact that the disappearance of the forum from our legislative halls was coincident with a change in the legislators themselves, from men of earnest convictions, desirous of educating public opinion, to men of practical bent desiring only to subserve in the most direct way the special and local interests which were confided to them. To do this expeditiously they resort to compromise and adjustment. Such a change of legislative action, it must be plain to all of us, sooner or later renders mere eloquence superfluous and narrows the field of operation from the educational to the merely executive. What may now be called "close attention to business" in the Halls of Congress leaves little room or time for those broad views and patriotic sentiments which appeal to the people themselves. Anything like a forensic effort is very apt to be regarded as a diversion or an interruption, and to be called "talk" by the newspapers.

President Hadley distinctly declares that the country has suffered a positive loss in this change, and there is no doubt that he is right, because it is not only the duty of legislators to act, but also to give the people the very best reasons that are in them for their acts, and to bring to the statesmanship of law-making elemental principles in the loftiest utterance. It is to the intellect, the sagacity and the experience of such men that we must look for guidance in all those questions which affect the permanent well-being of the commonwealth. Some of the noblest precedents of our history have passed into literature, no less than into the code, and it is because they have been there preserved with the flash and glow of eloquence that the personal conviction of the Congressman has outlived his time and his work. The once superb challenge of the tribune wears in our day, it must be acknowledged, an apologetic and abbreviated air. And yet we are constantly reminded that it is the men of conviction and not the mere men of assiduity who give a sort of personal impact to opinions and convert ideas into eloquence. Earnestness of belief still holds our attention as if there were some authority in the very enthusiasm of a man, quite aside from his intellectual equipment.

No better example of this can be found than is furnished by the late Mr. Moody, the evangelist. Probably no religious teacher of our times was so oblivious of all the minor distinctions which creed and mere ecclesiasticism have given to the various bodies of Christian workers, and certainly no popular preacher so persistently ignored the rationalism, the æstheticism and the higher criticism of the intellectual church of to-day. And yet his simple faith, his unswerving adherence to two or three fundamental principles that were as broad as Christianity itself, and his valiant simple-mindedness and coercive love of mankind not only brought about him in reverent respect the most antagonistic workers, but gave him an efficacy of utterance with the people which it is not too much to say has not been equaled in our generation by any other man.

Eloquence in its final definition is only earnestness, whether it be set in the words of a Peter Cartwright or flash in the elegant diction of a Cardinal Newman. It is the announcement that a man has arrived at certain convictions and that he cannot rest until he has brought all men abreast of them.

—A. C. WHEELER

The Neglected Inclosure

DEAR READERS: You may be my superiors in a thousand ways; you may be sweeter tempered, possessed of better memories or wider learning or finer spirituality, but we have a common weakness—we always forget to inclose a clipping, or money, or a handkerchief, or whatever it is that we say "I inclose herewith." Don't we? Now, why is this, gentle readers? You have good memories for faces or for figures or for stories; why do you fall down on so simple a thing as inclosing an article when you say you're going to?

Think of how it vexes you when you are the recipient of a letter that says, "I am inclosing herewith a little embroidered handkerchief as a birthday gift. I worked it myself and feel sure that you will like it." Only that and nothing more—no handkerchief. Or else it is, "I am sure that you will enjoy as much as I did the droll story which I have cut out and inclose. Please write me at once what you think of it, as to-morrow I am going to India to be gone seven years, and I want to get your opinion before I go." But the clipping is not in the envelope. And you are vexed, because you value your opinion of stories and would like above all things to tell your friend what you thought of his tale.

Or worst form of all is the last: "I am sending you a check for twenty-five dollars in payment for that picture you sent me. Please acknowledge receipt." Of course you never needed a twenty five-dollar bill as you need that one, but equally, of course, your friend forgot to inclose it. Don't blame him, however, for you would have forgotten it yourself.

The art of inclosing is a lost art. Here and there there may be a man who can inclose when he says he is going to, but he is mighty scarce.

The most exasperating form of neglected inclosure is when your correspondent says, "It is vastly important that you should know about the inclosed at once, so instead of copying it out myself I send you a cutting which I wish returned immediately. I hope it will reach you in time."

There is nothing else in the envelope at first sight, and you open it to its widest extent, feeling all the while as if you had been cut off at the telephone just after some one has said, "Your uncle has died and left——" You are in an agony of curiosity, but you must possess your soul in patience until your friend finds the clipping and sends it in a later mail.

Make up your minds, then, dear readers, while it is yet early in the year, that hereafter you will be inclosers. Put your inclosure in, even if you forget to write the letter. The inclosure is the *raison d'être* of the matter. Don't leave it out.

I am too old to learn this new trick, but with you there is yet time. Inclose.

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

He is a very great and a very distinguished man who can afford in this period of the world's civilization to wear bad clothes.

Diverse Paths to Divers Ends

IT WOULD be hard to find two men or two women who should receive the same education. Education should be adjusted to the one to be educated. For both men and women education should aid in securing a healthy body, in training the mind to think, in nurturing a pure moral nature, and in making a strong will. Education should not train women to become wives and mothers. Education should not train men to become husbands and fathers. Education is broader than either the nuptial or parental relationship. Education should be so broad and so high that one can enter into these domestic and other relations with fitness and with ease. The highest training fits best for the performance of every task.

One can trust a woman to select those studies which will make of her the best woman. She is to get herself ready for her work; God will find her work. Once ready for her work, she is fitted to be the head of a home or of a school or of a hospital, as the home or the school or the hospital may open itself to her service. The college is not a professional school. It is not designed to make lawyers, or doctors, or housekeepers, or candlestick makers. It is not designed to teach anything in particular. It is designed to give the student *himself*—at his best.

A woman and a man may receive the same education, but they receive it, not on the ground that one is a man and the other a woman, but on the ground that the comprehensive qualities of each demand the same training. Two women may receive different training for the reason that they are unlike. Two men may receive unlike training also on the ground that they are different. There is something larger than sexuality; there is humanity. Humanity is to be educated into the largest character and noblest doing.

—CHARLES F. THWING.

Lots of people grow poor buying bargains.

A Good Thing to Let Alone

THERE are various schemes before Congress to amend the Constitution. Many good people would, if possible, engraft forever their fads and ideas upon this venerable and imperishable instrument of free government. In order to make any amendment there must be a two-thirds vote of Congress, and the vote must be ratified by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. An alternative allows the calling of conventions to do the work, but that is no longer feasible. It is well that our forefathers protected the Constitution so thoroughly; but it is like the other work they did in establishing this Republic. The Constitution was the product of four months of secret and heroic work by the best men of the new nation, presided over by Washington. Many a time results were despaired of, and even Franklin came near giving up hope, but, in the end, the matchless document was adopted. Then it had another trial before the States, and it was with the greatest difficulty that it was finally ratified.

Two years afterward there were added ten amendments, largely the work of James Madison, and intended to guard the rights of the Constitution and prohibit dangerous exercises of authority. Seven years later, in 1798, the eleventh amendment, referring to suits against the Government, was agreed upon. In 1804 came the twelfth amendment, referring to the work of the Presidential Electors. For over sixty years from that date the Constitution remained untouched. Then came the thirteenth amendment, in 1865, confirming the Proclamation of Emancipation. In 1868 followed the fourteenth amendment, making the negroes citizens of the United States, and in 1870 the fifteenth amendment gave these Freedmen the right to vote.

This, in brief, is the history of the grandest plan of government the world has ever known. It is not at all necessary to question for a moment the perfect sincerity and good faith of those who would add to it their ideas and convictions. The very fact that such amendments would last through the centuries makes the effort all the more stimulating to the zealous reformers who want the world to move upon their lines. But after we have investigated all the suggestions and weighed all the propositions, there seems to be nothing to change the fact that, as the Constitution is to-day unequaled and supreme, it would not be wise to endanger it by "improvements." Let us hold it sacred!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

It costs Uncle Sam nearly two millions of dollars per day to run his Government, but, honestly, it is worth it.

The Humorist and the Philosopher

IN TAKING ourselves and life too seriously we not only miss a lot of fun but defeat the very ends we are apparently seeking. There is no one so blind to the world about him or so little capable of understanding its essential commonplaceness as the man without a sense of humor.

It is a whimsical quality not to be set down in formal definition and by no means to be spoken of in the same terms as wit. Its possessor is invariably a kindly looker-on at life's comedy and tragedy, and he finds more to smile at than to condemn. The wit laughs. Humor is a sympathetic quality; it helps us to interpret others through a knowledge of ourselves and our various big and little weaknesses and meanderings.

The humorist has time to observe and to listen to his fellow human beings with an open eye and a willing ear. He is the true philosopher, for he deals not with theories and abstractions of the study, but with the facts of the marketplace. Life is to him a pageant for his amusement and instruction, not a weary way or a vale of tears to a doubtful finish.

Humor is not shallowness; it is not a belittling of realities, it penetrates the depths, and is never far removed from the fount of tears. The tears if shed, however, are those that afford a gentle stirring of the pleasurable emotions, never those of bitterness and hate.

Humor is genial at all times. It is nearly always shown in combination with far-seeing shrewdness and knowledge of others that makes its manifestations at times embarrassingly surprising to the less gifted. Our pet follies and most admired and persistently cultivated self deceptions are often illuminated with the flashlight gleam from a friendly humorist, to our chagrin and profit if we are not utterly lost.

We are too apt to get in a rut with the oncoming of the years and the growth of responsibilities, too ready to fix our eyes on a wall-lined, narrow way ahead, and to hurry by the things that make the going easier. That life is real and earnest goes without saying, but the man who is in closest touch with his fellow-men tempers the reality and takes his earnestness without too much insistence. Smoothest going is on ball bearings that roll along and take their places with just as little noise and friction as possible. The humorist is willing to go his way rejoicing and to let the other fellow set the pace or to trail him as he will.

It is this element of humor that has made David Harum one of the most popular of public characters. He is an embodiment of humor that appeals to all. There is no misunderstanding his shrewd yet kindly personality. He is the man of the world in the rough who sees life as it is and has a lot of fun living his life and watching others live.

It is the "humor of it" that makes Mark Twain's recent comments and criticisms so entertaining, and so free from offense and the common prejudices that are so often found in writing of this kind. Mercutio was a very prince of humorists. Thackeray had the gift. Charles Lamb—Elia of kindly memory—is read for this quality, and its richness in the books of that small bit of a Scot, Barrie, has brought laughter and tears for thousands.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

There are various ways of killing popularity, but after you have delivered a long speech to a tired audience you need not bother about the others.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Where the Postman Succeeded the Priest

There was a time once when priests sought to regulate the customs of St. Valentine's Day, and through their efforts the saint was supposed to incline the hearts of the young folks away from each other to more spiritual things. They did very well until a new influence balked their excellent endeavors. The reduction of postal charges gave a new direction to the exchanges of sentiments, and these unholy tendencies have since continued. Instead of the priest we now have the postman as the chief figure of the day. On his shoulders the burdens descend. We hear a great deal about the custom falling into disuse, but if we should question the men who carry the mails we should find that there will be millions of these tender missives delivered on February 14 Incidentally, there will be another million or so of the comic valentine, which is a nuisance in itself and an insult to the general meanings of the day. Nowadays it has sadly departed from its spiritual significance

The Growth of Postage in Cheapness

A hundred years ago it would have cost eight cents each to send valentines or letters any distance under forty miles, and twenty five cents each any distance between three and five hundred miles. It was less than forty years ago that a single charge took a letter to any point in the United States, and then the rate was three cents for half an ounce. On March 3, 1883, this was reduced to two cents per half ounce, and exactly two years later it was made two cents per ounce; so that now for two cents the valentine may be sent all the way to the Philippines, or to any other of our new colonies. At the rate of one hundred years ago the cost would have been several dollars, and now not only is it two cents, but the movement is under way to reduce this one-half. For several years the Presidential conventions have adopted measures calling for one-cent postage, and the idea is backed by a strong sentiment, although many seemed to think that a first-class mail service for two cents a letter is better than a large deficit at one cent At any rate, it is only a question of time when the one-cent basis will be adopted. The sender of the valentine does not miss it so very much anyhow, for as a rule he mails it as printed matter and gets it through for the lowest possible sum

The Greatest Business of the World

The growth of postage in this country is amazing. In 1800 there were 903 post offices, 20,817 miles of mail routes, and revenues of $280,804. To-day the post offices number over 70,000. There are nearly half a million miles of mail routes, and to use the words of the President's message, "the expenditures and the revenues will much exceed one hundred millions during the current year." The last Congress was obliged to increase the postal appropriations sixteen millions of dollars, and it is more than likely that the present Congress will have to add millions more to these extraordinary figures. The growth of the postal work goes on, and so far this year is [illegible] all previous periods

W. S. SHALLENBERGER
SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

The postal service of the United States is the greatest business concern of the world. In the course of a year it handles from four to five billion pieces of matter—over fifty per cent. more than the postal service of Great Britain—about one hundred per cent. more than the postal service of Germany, and over one hundred per cent more than the postal service of France. There are two reasons why it is not self supporting It does an enormous business for the Government and its departments, and for Congress and the different branches of the service, for which it does not receive a penny. The franking privilege which was voted to the Presidents as an exceptional honor one hundred years ago is now exercised by thousands of Congressmen and office holders, and the result is tens of thousands of tons of mail matter carried free

But even with this gratuitous service the department might show a profit were it not for the fact that it loses a great deal of money on certain classes of mail which it carries. Mr. E. C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster General, declares that a proper classification last year would have made an increase of fourteen millions in the revenues of the department, and the President in his message stated that if the wrong exercise of the privilege of the pound rate could have been corrected there would have been last year, instead of a deficit of $6,610,000, a surplus on one basis of $17,637,570, and on another of $5,733,836. Postmaster General Smith places the loss on second-class matter at over $20,000,000 a year. Thus we see that instead of losing money the department could be earning a very great profit

How the Service Will be Quickened

It seems strange to us that the free delivery system has been in cities of ten thousand population less than thirteen years, and that the special delivery even in large cities is less than fifteen years old, but in that time the postal progress has really almost equaled that of all the previous part of the century. Two very important things are now being done The best of these is the expediting of the mail delivery in cities Mr. Shallenberger, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, recently said.

"Every month, every day, the department is figuring and working to cut the time of railway transportation a minute [illegible] expedite delivery [illegible] special service is inaugurated [illegible] ducted with the right of way over [illegible] ular passenger traffic, and what is the result? An express bearing mail, run at a mile a minute, tears into a great city on time, with the President of the road in his private car sidetracked to let it pass. The mail is ready, is rushed off the postal cars into the contractor's mail wagon, and the mule takes it to the city post office at the rate of three miles an hour"

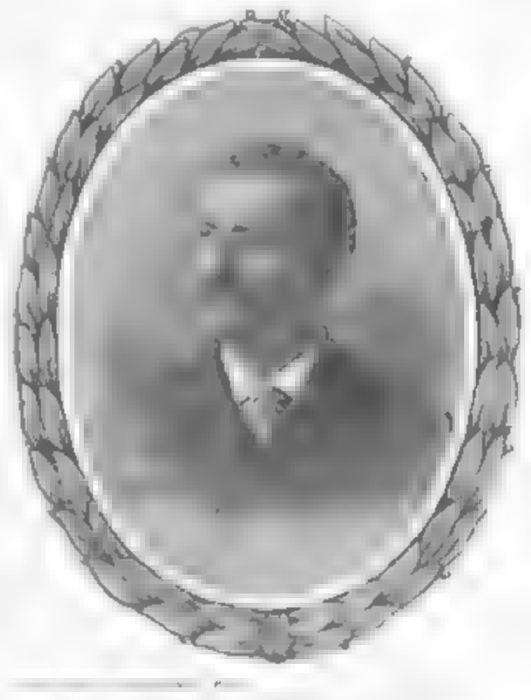
Now the problem is to get these mails to the post-office with less loss of time, and thus the automobile will come into use, and there will be a wider employment of the pneumatic tubes There is another change in the same direction which must produce good results. It is nothing more nor less than to have the mails in large cities fully sorted out on the train, so that by the time the destination is reached each bag can be sent directly to the proper section of the city, instead of unloading the whole mass in the general post-office

The other reform is in an almost opposite direction. It is the extension of the rural delivery. Several trials of this have been made with varying success. It involved, first, the abolition of sundry cross-road post-offices, with the result that the postmaster and his friends at the cross-roads decidedly objected, and some of the farmers declared that they did not want to surrender the pleasure of going to the post office for their mail. It seems inexplicable, but in one case the sentiment was so strong that it almost upset the department's plans. New rural delivery routes are being established in different parts of the country. Thus the department is striving to please both city and country, and its efforts ought to have excellent results in the way of better streets for the cities and good roads for the counties

The main objection to a rural delivery is that the cost exceeds the revenue, and until the country is more thickly settled it cannot be made universal as it is in the tight little island of England

Protecting the Foolish

Not only is this good postal service a method of speed, enterprise and safety—for instance, the Registry Division last year handled for the Treasury and Post Office Departments alone $1,800,000,000 without the loss of a single penny—but it is an alert watcher for all sorts of swindling, and it literally saves millions of dollars every year to the credulous people of the country It stands between the robbers and their victims. It is to the credit of the Post-Office Department that it did more to kill the Louisiana Lottery Company and the whole lottery evil than all other agencies and influences combined. And recently when one of the new Napoleons of finance in New York was filching hundreds of thousands of dollars from the foolish on promises of 520 per cent. annually, it was the Post Office Department that saved what could be saved for the victims and put a stop to the other schemes of that kind. In the petty swindles of the day it is about the only means we have for protecting the people



CHARLES EMORY SMITH
POSTMASTER GENERAL

The Parcel Post and the Postal Savings Bank

There are two practical additions which probably will be made to the present postal service. Both are in full operation in other countries and their success is undisputed It is rather curious that while we have no parcels post in our domestic service, we have conventions with several countries for international arrangements of that kind. The first of these was signed by the present Postmaster-General and the special German Envoy on the twenty sixth of last August, and went into operation on the first of last October. It limited the weight in packages to eleven pounds, fixed the rate at twelve cents for each pound or fraction of a pound, and made due provision for the customs declaration and payment This is the first convention with a European country, but as England, France and others are seeking the same conveniences, the service will become general, especially as this country has also parcel post conventions with several of the South American countries.

Naturally any movement for parcel post arouses the opposition of the express companies, with whose lucrative business it would more or less interfere For the same reason the influence that retards the establishment of the postal savings bank system comes from the savings banks. No institutions are better managed, and in none is the average of integrity and safety higher. They have made a splendid record, and naturally they oppose any Government scheme along the same lines In them are five million depositors who have nearly two billions of dollars to their credit, and they wield an enormous

But there is another side to the question, and it is very well summed up by Mr. Cornelius VanCott, Postmaster of New York. He says. "There are thousands upon thousands of hard-working people who are either too far from savings banks to avail themselves of their privileges, or who have no confidence in banks of any kind, and who hoard their savings in some convenient hiding place where they are liable to be robbed, or perhaps even murdered in defense of their own. This dead capital amounts to millions. Not only a great burden of anxiety, it is, moreover, locked up out of the reach of circulation. If the Government provided an investment at a low rate of interest, say two and one half per cent., where the question of security would be all in all, it would serve to encourage thrift and better citizenship, and bring millions into circulation. Great Britain has about eight million depositors who have intrusted to their Government $600,000,000. A shilling can be deposited, or stamps can be bought and deposited from a penny upward."

He points out further that there are more than twice as many money-order offices as banks and every one of these offices could become a bank He thinks that the system would not interfere with other banks, but would aid them by keeping the money in circulation He emphasizes the fact that in France the profit is fully two hundred thousand dollars

The Postal Service as an Educational Force

A history of modern civilization could almost be written from the facts about postage. It combines and uses every method of communication and transportation. When it has no railroads or horses, it uses men, and to-day if you should send a letter beyond the village of Kolghur in the Himalayas, the farthest point of the regular service in India, a native runner would place it in the split end of a stick and deliver it hundreds of miles away as clean as when he received it. The thing that has astonished the people of interior Cuba and Puerto Rico has not been so much the American Army, or the guns, or the machinery of war, but the fact that they can send letters and get answers promptly

The first great step in civilizing and modernizing these people was in sending trained men from our Post-Office Department to organize the postal service The quickness and the completeness with which they did the work stand forth as one of the best chapters of enterprise in American history. And to-day the Cubans and the Puerto Ricans and many of the Filipinos are being educated and broadened and made better by the postal service. Fancy the merchant in the interior towns of Cuba, who could never tell whether or not his letter would arrive, now enjoying the blessings of free delivery with the money order and registered letter systems in full operation. It is a contrast that must greatly increase his appreciation of his new rulers

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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—a man with a hose, watering the roads

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The three men—George, Harris and the author—having decided that a change of scene may avert a period of "bramtag," have started upon a bicycle tour. Their destination is the Black Forest, in Germany, which they propose to reach by easy stages. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

An Aquatic Adventure at Hanover

WE ARRIVED at Hamburg on Friday, after a smooth and uneventful voyage; and from Harwich we traveled to Berlin by way of Hanover. It is not the most direct route. I can only account for our visit to Hanover as the darky accounted to the magistrate for his appearance in the Deacon's poultry yard.

"Yes, sah, what the constable sez is quite true, sah; I wuz dar, sah."

"Oh, so you admit it? And what were you doing with a sack, pray, in Deacon Abraham's poultry yard at twelve o'clock at night?

"I's gwine ter tell yer, sah; yes, sah. I'd been ter Massa Jordan's wid a sack of melons. Yes, sah; an' Massa Jordan he wuz very 'greeable, an' ax'd me fer ter come in."

"Well?"

"Yes, sah, very 'greeable man is Massa Jordan—an' dar we sat a talkin' an' a talkin'

"Very likely. What we want to know is what you were doing in the Deacon's poultry yard."

Yes, sah, dat's what I's comin' ter. It wuz very late 'fore I left Massa Jordan's, an' den I sez ter myself, sez I, now yer jest step out wid yer best leg foremost, Ulysses, case yer gets inter trouble wid de ole woman. Very talkative woman she is, sah, very——"

"Yes, never mind her; there are other people very talkative in this town besides your wife. Deacon Abraham's house is half a mile out of your way home from Mr. Jordan's. How did you get there?"

"Dat's what I'm a-gwine ter explain, sah."

"I am glad of that. And how do you propose to do it?"

"Well, I's thinkin', sah, I must ha' digressed."

I take it we digressed a little

At first, from some reason or other, Hanover strikes you as an uninteresting town, but it grows upon you. It is in reality two towns: a place of broad, modern, handsome streets and tasteful gardens, side by side with a sixteenth-century town, where old timbered houses overhang the narrow lanes; where through low archways one catches glimpses of galleried courtyards, once often thronged, no doubt, with troops of horse, or blocked with lumbering coach and six, waiting its rich merchant owner and his fat, placid Frau; but where now children and chickens scuttle at their will, while over the carved balconies hang dingy clothes to dry.

A singularly English atmosphere hangs over Hanover, especially on Sundays, when its shuttered shops and clanging bells give to it the suggestion of a sunnier London. Nor was this British Sunday atmosphere apparent only to myself, else I might have attributed it to imagination; even George felt it. Harris and I, returning from a short stroll with our cigars after lunch on the Sunday afternoon, found him placidly slumbering in the smoke-room's easiest chair

"After all," said Harris, "there is something about the British Sunday that appeals to the man with English blood in his veins. I should be sorry to see it altogether done away with, let the new generation say what it will."

And each taking one end of the ample settee, we kept George company

To Hanover one should go, they say, to learn the best German. The disadvantage is that outside Hanover, which is only a small province, nobody understands this best German. Thus you have to decide whether to speak good German and remain in Hanover or bad German and travel about. Germany being separated so many centuries into a dozen principalities is unfortunate in possessing a variety of dialects. Germans from Posen wishful to converse with men of Wurtemberg have to talk as often as not in French or English; and young ladies who have received an expensive education in Westphalia surprise and disappoint their parents by being unable to understand a word said to them in Mecklenburg. An English-speaking foreigner, it is true, would find himself equally nonplussed among the Yorkshire wolds, or in the purlieus of Whitechapel; but the cases are not on all fours. Throughout Germany it is not only in the country districts and among the uneducated that dialects are maintained. Every province has practically its own language, of which it is proud and retentive. An educated Bavarian will admit to you that, academically speaking, the North German is more correct; but he will continue to speak South German, and to teach it to his children.

In the course of the century I am inclined to think that Germany will solve her difficulty in this respect by speaking English. Every boy and girl in Germany, above the peasant class, speaks English. Were English pronunciation less [illegible] there is not the slightest doubt but that in the course of a very few years, comparatively speaking, it would become the language of the world. All foreigners agree that grammatically it is the easiest language of any to learn. A German, comparing it with his own language, where every word in every sentence is governed by at least four distinct and separate rules, tells you that the English language has no grammar. A good many English people would seem to have come to the same conclusion; but they are wrong. As a matter of fact, there is an English grammar, and one of these days our schools will recognize the fact, and it will be taught to our children, penetrating maybe even into literary and [illegible]. But at present we have to agree with the foreigner that it is a quantity neglectable.

Pronunciation is the stumbling-block to our progress. Spelling would seem to have been designed chiefly as a disguise to pronunciation. It is a clever idea, calculated to check presumption on the part of the foreigner; but for that he would learn it in a year.

For they have a way of teaching languages in Germany that is not our way; and the consequence is that when the German youth or maiden leaves the gymnasium or high school at fifteen, it (as in German one conveniently may say) can understand and speak the tongue it has been learning. In England we have a method that for obtaining the least possible result at the greatest possible expenditure of time and money is perhaps unequaled. An English boy who has been through a good middle-class school in England can talk to a Frenchman, slowly and with difficulty, about female gardeners and aunts—conversation which, to a man possessed perhaps of neither, is liable to pall. Possibly, if he be a bright exception, he may be able to tell the time, or make a few guarded observations concerning the weather. No doubt he could repeat a goodly number of irregular verbs by heart, only, as a matter of fact, few foreigners care to listen to their own irregular verbs recited by young Englishmen. Likewise he might be able to remember a choice selection of grotesquely involved French idioms, such as no modern Frenchman has ever heard or understands when he does hear.

The explanation is that, in nine cases out of ten, he has learned French from an Ahn's First Course. The history of this famous work is remarkable and instructive. The book was originally written for a joke by a witty Frenchman who had resided for some years in England. He intended it as a satire upon the conversational powers of British society. From this point of view it was distinctly good. He submitted it to a London publishing firm. The manager was a shrewd man. He read the book through. Then he sent for the author

"This book of yours," said he to the author, "is very clever. I have laughed over it myself till the tears came

"I am delighted to hear you say so," replied the pleased Frenchman. "I tried to be truthful without being unnecessarily offensive

"It is most amusing," concurred the manager; "and yet, published as a harmless joke I feel it would fail."

The author's face fell

"Its humor," proceeded the manager, "would be denounced as forced and extravagant. It would amuse the thoughtful and intelligent, but from a business point of view that portion of the public is never worth consideration.

"But I have an idea," continued the manager. He glanced around the room to be sure they were alone and, leaning forward, sunk his voice to a whisper.

"My notion is to publish it as a serious work for the use of schools!"

The author stared speechless

"I know the English schoolman," said the manager; "this book will appeal to him. It will exactly fit in with his method. Nothing stiffer, nothing more useless for the purpose will he ever discover. He will smack his lips over the book as a puppy licks up blacking."

The author, sacrificing art to greed, consented. They altered the title and added to vocabulary, but left the book otherwise as it was.

The result is known to every schoolboy. "Ahn" became the palladium of English philological education. If it no longer retains its ubiquity it is because something even less adaptable to the object in view has since been invented.

Lest, in spite of all, the British schoolboy should obtain, even from the like of Ahn, some glimmering of French, the British educational method further handicaps him by bestowing upon him the assistance of what is termed in the prospectus A Native Professor. This native French gentleman, who, by the by, is generally a Belgian, is no doubt a most worthy person, and can, it is true, understand and speak his own language with tolerable fluency. There his qualifications cease. Invariably he is a man with a quite remarkable inability to teach anybody anything. Indeed, he would seem to be chosen not so much as an instructor as an amuser of youth. He is always a comic figure. No Frenchman of a dignified appearance would be engaged for any English school. If he possess by nature a few harmless peculiarities calculated to cause merriment, so much the more is he esteemed by his employers. The class naturally regards him as an animated joke. The two to four hours a week that are deliberately wasted on this philological farce are looked forward to by the boys as a comic interlude in an otherwise [illegible]. And then when the proud parent takes his son and heir to Dieppe merely to discover that the lad does not know enough to call a cab, he abuses not the system but its innocent victim.

I confine my remarks to French, because that is the only language we attempt to teach our youth. An English boy who could speak German would be looked down upon as

The horse gave [illegible] look at him

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of humorous papers which began in the Post of January 6. Each of these papers is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment independently of those that precede and follow it.

unpatriotic. Why we waste time in teaching even French according to this method I have never been able to understand. A perfect unacquaintance with a language is respectable. But putting aside comic journalists and lady novelists, for whom it is a business necessity, this smattering of French which we are so proud to possess only serves to render us ridiculous.

In the German school the method of study is somewhat different. One hour every day is devoted to the same language The idea is not to give the lad time between lessons to forget what he learned at the last; the idea is for him to get on. There is no comic foreigner provided for his amusement. The desired language is taught by a German schoolmaster who knows it inside and out as thoroughly as he knows his own. Maybe this system does not provide the German youth with that perfection of foreign accent for which the British tourist is in every land remarkable, but it has other advantages. The boy does not call his master "Froggy," or "Sausage," nor prepare for the French or English hour any exhibition of homely wit whatever. He just sits there, and for his own sake tries to learn that foreign tongue with as little trouble to everybody concerned as possible. When he has left school he can talk, not about penknives and gardener's aunts merely, but about European politics, history, Shakespeare, or the musical glasses, according to the turn the conversation may take

Viewing the German people from an Anglo Saxon standpoint, it may be that in these papers I shall find occasion to criticise them; but on the other hand, there is much that we might learn from them; and in the matter of common-sense as applied to education they can give us ninety nine in a hundred and beat us with one hand

■

The beautiful wood of the Eilenriede bounds Hanover on the south and west, and here occurred a sad drama in which Harris took a prominent part We were riding our machines through this wood on the Monday afternoon in company with many other cyclists, for it is a favorite resort with Hanoverians on a sunny afternoon, and its shady pathways are then filled with happy, thoughtless folk. Among them rode a young and beautiful girl on a machine that was new She was evidently a novice on the bicycle. One felt instinctively that there would come a moment when she would require help, and Harris with his accustomed chivalry suggested we should keep near her. Harris, as he occasionally explains to George and to myself, has daughters of his own—or to speak more correctly, a daughter who as the years progress will no doubt cease practicing Catherine wheels in the front garden, and will grow up into a beautiful and respectable young lady. This naturally gives Harris an interest in all beautiful girls up to the age of thirty-five or thereabouts; they remind him, so he says, of home.

■

We had ridden for about two miles, when we noticed, a little ahead of us in a space where five ways met, a man with a hose, watering the roads. The pipe, supported at each joint by a pair of tiny wheels, writhed after him as he moved, suggesting a gigantic worm, from whose open neck, as the man, gripping it firmly in both hands, pointed it now this way and now that, now elevating it, now depressing it, poured a strong stream of water at the rate of about a gallon a second.

"What a much better method than ours," observed Harris enthusiastically. Harris is inclined to be chronically severe on all British institutions. "How much simpler, quicker, and more economical! You see, one man by this method can in five minutes water a stretch of road that would take us with our clumsy lumbering cart half an hour to cover."

George, who was riding behind me on the tandem, said "Yes, and it is also a method by which with a little careless a man could cover a good many people in a good deal less time than they could get out of the way." George, the opposite to Harris, is British to the core. I remember George quite patriotically indignant with Harris once for suggesting the introduction of the guillotine into England

"It is so much neater," said Harris enthusiastically

"I don't care if it is," said George; "I'm an Englishman, hanging is good enough for me."

"Our water-cart may have its disadvantages," continued George, "but it can only make you uncomfortable about the legs, and you can avoid it. With this machine a man could follow you around the corner and upstairs."

"It fascinates me to watch them," said Harris. "They are so skillful; I have seen a man from the corner of a crowded square in Strasburg cover every inch of ground and not so much as wet an apron-string. It is marvelous how they judge their distance. They will send the water up to your toes, and then bring it over your head so that it falls around your heels. They can——"

"Ease up a minute," said George

I said. "Why?"

He said, "I am going to get off and watch the rest of this show from behind a tree. There may be great performers in this line, as Harris says; this particular artist appears to me to lack something. He has just soused a dog, and now he's busy watering a sign-post. I shall wait till he has finished."

"Nonsense," said Harris; "he won't wet you"

"That is precisely what I am going to make sure of," answered George; saying which he jumped off and, taking up a position behind a remarkably fine elm, pulled out and commenced filling his pipe

■

I did not care to take the tandem on by myself so I stepped off and joined him, leaving the machine against a tree. Harris shouted something or other about our being a disgrace to the land that gave us birth, and rode on

The next moment I heard a woman's cry of distress Glancing around the stem of the tree, I perceived that it proceeded from the young and elegant lady before mentioned, whom in our interest concerning the road waterer we had forgotten. She was riding her machine steadily and straightly through a drenching shower of water from the hose. She appeared to be too paralyzed either to get off or turn her wheel aside. Every instant she was becoming wetter, while the man with the hose, who was either drunk or blind, continued to pour water upon her with utter indifference. A dozen voices yelled imprecations upon him, but he took no heed whatever

Harris, his fatherly nature stirred to its depths, did at this point what under the circumstances was quite the right and proper thing to do. Had he acted throughout with the same coolness and judgment he then displayed he would have emerged from that incident the hero of the hour, instead of, as happened, riding away followed by insult and imprecation. Without a moment's hesitation he spurted at the man, sprang to the ground, and seizing the hose by the nozzle, attempted to wrest it from him

What he ought to have done—what any man retaining his common sense would have done the moment he got his hands upon the thing—was to turn off the tap. Then he might have played football with the man, or battledore and shuttlecock as he pleased; and the twenty or thirty people who had rushed forward to assist would have only applauded. His idea, however, so he explained to us afterward, was to take the hose away from the man and for punishment turn it upon the fool himself. The waterman's idea appeared to be the same—namely, to retain the hose as a weapon with which to soak Harris. Of course, the result was that between them they soused every dead and living thing within fifty yards, except themselves One furious man, too drenched to care what more happened to him, leaped into the arena and also took a hand. The three among them proceeded to sweep the compass with that hose. They pointed it to Heaven, and the water descended upon the people in the form of an equinoctial storm. They pointed it downward, and sent the water in rushing streams that took people off their feet, or caught them about the waist line and doubled them up

■

Not one of the three would loosen his grip upon the hose; not one of them thought to turn the water off. You might have thought they were struggling with some primeval force of nature. In forty five seconds, so George said, who was timing it, they had swept that circus bare of every living thing except one dog, who, dripping like a water nymph, rolled over by the force of water, now on this side, now on that, still gallantly staggered again and again to its feet to bark defiance at what it evidently regarded as all the furies let loose

Men and women left their machines upon the ground and flew into the woods From behind every tree of importance peeped wet, angry heads

At last there arrived upon the scene one man of sense. Braving all things, he crept to the hydrant where still stood the iron key, and screwed it down And then from forty trees began to creep more or less soaked human beings, each one with something to say

At first I fell to wondering whether a stretcher or a clothes basket would be the more useful for the conveyance of Harris' remains back to the hotel. I consider that George's promptness on that occasion saved Harris' life Being dry, and therefore able to run quicker, he was there before the crowd. Harris was for explaining things, but George cut him short

"You get on that," said George, handing him his bicycle, "and go They don't know we belong to you, and you may trust to us implicitly not to reveal the secret We'll hang about behind and get in their way. Ride zigzag in case they shoot."

I wish these papers to be strict records of fact, unmarred by exaggeration, and therefore I have shown my description of this incident to Harris, lest anything beyond bald narrative may have crept into it. Harris maintains it is exaggerated; he admits that one or two people may have been "sprinkled." I have offered to turn a street hose on him at a distance of five and twenty feet and take his opinion afterward as to whether "sprinkled" is the adequate term, but he has declined the test. Again, he insists there could not have been more than half a dozen people, at the outside, involved in the catastrophe—that forty is a ridiculous misstatement. I have offered to return with him to Hanover and make strict inquiry into the matter, and this offer he has

DRAWN BY HARRIS'S FRIEND

THE THREE AMONG THEM PROCEEDED TO SWEEP THE COMPASS WITH THAT HOSE

likewise declined. Under these circumstances I maintain that mine is a true and restrained narrative of an event that is, by a certain number of Hanoverians, remembered with bitterness unto this very day

We left Hanover that same evening and arrived at Berlin in time for supper and an evening stroll. Berlin is a disappointing town: its centre overcrowded, its outlying parts lifeless; its one famous street, Unter den Linden, an attempt to combine Oxford Street with the Champs Élysées, singularly unimposing, and much too wide for its size, its theatres dainty and charming, where acting is considered of more importance than scenery or dress, where long runs are unknown, successful pieces being played again and again but never consecutively, so that for a week running you may go to the same Berlin theatre and see a fresh play every night; its Opera House unworthy of it; its two music halls, with an unnecessary suggestion of vulgarity and commonness about them, ill-arranged and much too large for comfort. In the Berlin cafés and restaurants the busy time is from midnight on till three. Yet most of the people who frequent them are up again at seven. Either the Berliner has solved the great problem of modern life, how to do without sleep, or, with Carlyle he must be looking forward to eternity.

Personally, I know of no other town where such late hours are the vogue, except St. Petersburg. But your St. Petersburger does not get up early in the morning. At St. Petersburg the music halls, which it is the fashionable thing to attend *after* the theatre—a drive to them taking half an hour in a swift sleigh—do not practically begin till twelve. Through the Neva at four o'clock in the morning you have to literally push your way; and the favorite trains for travelers are those starting about five o'clock in the morning. These trains save the Russian the trouble of getting up early. He wishes his friends "Good night," and drives down to the station comfortably after supper, without putting the house to any inconvenience

Potsdam, the Versailles to Berlin, is a beautiful little town, situated among lakes and woods. Here in the shady ways of its quiet, far-stretching park of Sans Souci it is easy to imagine lean, snuffy Frederick [illegible] meling" with shrill Voltaire.

Acting on my advice, George and Harris consented not to stay long in Berlin, but to push on to Dresden. Most that Berlin has to show can be seen better elsewhere, and we decided to be content with a drive through the town. The hotel porter introduced us to a droshky driver, under whose guidance, so he assured us, we should see everything worth seeing in the shortest possible time. The man himself, who called for us at nine o'clock in the morning, was all that could be desired. He was bright, intelligent and well-informed; his German was easy to understand, and he knew a little English with which to eke it out on occasion. With the man himself there was no fault to be found, but his horse was the most unsympathetic brute I have ever sat behind

He took a dislike to us the moment he saw us. I was the first to come out of the hotel He turned his head, and looked me up and down with a cold, glassy eye; and then he looked across at another horse, a friend of his, that was standing facing him. I knew what he said. He had an expressive head, and he made no attempt to disguise his thoughts. He said

"Funny things one does come across in the summer time, doesn't one?"

George followed me out the next moment and stood behind me. The horse again turned his head and looked. I have never known a horse that could twist himself as this horse did I have seen a cameleopard do tricks with his neck that compelled one's attention, but this animal was more like the thing one dreams of after a dusty day at Ascot followed by a dinner with six old chums. If I had seen his eyes looking at me from between his own hind legs I doubt if I should have been surprised. He seemed more amused with George, if anything, than with myself. He turned to his friend again.

"Extraordinary, isn't it?" he remarked "I suppose there must be some place where they grow them," and then he commenced licking flies off his shoulder. I wondered whether he had lost his mother when young, and had been brought up by a cat

George and I climbed in and sat waiting for Harris. He came a moment later. Myself, I thought he looked rather neat. He wore a white flannel knickerbocker suit, which he had had made especially for bicycling in hot weather; his hat may have been out of the common, but it did keep the sun off

The horse gave one look at him, said "*Gott in Himmel!*" as plainly as ever a horse spoke, and started off down Friedrich Strasse at a brisk walk, leaving Harris and the driver standing on the pavement. His owner called to him to stop, but he took no notice. They ran after us, and overtook us at the corner of the Dorotheen Strasse. I could not catch what the man said to the horse; he spoke quickly and excitedly, but I gathered a few phrases, such as

"Got to earn my living somehow, haven't I?" "Who asked for your opinion?" "Ay, little you care."

The horse cut the conversation short by turning up the Dorotheen Strasse on his own account. I think what he said was

"Come on, then; don't talk so much. Let's get the job over, and where possible let's keep to the back streets"

Opposite the Brandenburger Thor our driver hitched the reins to the whip, climbed down and came around to explain things to us. He pointed out to us the Thiergarten, and then descanted to us of the Reichstag House. Then he turned his attention to the Gate. He said it was constructed of sandstone in imitation of the "Properleer" in Athens

Here the horse proceeded up the Linden, and nothing would persuade him not to proceed up the Linden. His owner expostulated with him, but he continued to trot on From the way he hitched his shoulders as he moved I somehow felt he was saying

"They've seen the Gate, haven't they? Very well, that's enough. As for the rest, you don't know what you're talking about, and they wouldn't understand you if you did. You talk German

It was the same throughout the length of the Linden. The horse consented to stand still sufficiently long to enable us to have a good look at each sight and to hear the name of it. All explanation and description he cut short by the simple process of moving on.

"What these fellows want," he seemed to say to himself, "is to go home and tell people they have seen these things. If I am doing them an injustice, if they are more intelligent than they look, they can get better information than this old fool of mine is giving them from the guide-book. Who wants to know how high a steeple is? You don't remember it the next five minutes when you are told, and if you do it is because you have got nothing else in your head. He just tires me with his talk. Why doesn't he hurry up, and let us all get home to lunch?"

Upon reflection, I am not sure that that wall-eyed old brute had not sense on its side. Anyhow, I know there have been occasions, with a guide, when I would have been glad of its interference.

A Suppliant to Saint Valentine

By Clinton Scollard

OH, SWEET and most beloved Saint
Whom limners old were wont to paint
As blessing lovers and their love,
I prithee, hear a suppliant's plaint!

2

I know a witching damosel
Whose eyes are like the rathe harebell,
Whose cheeks are like the wilding rose,
Whose voice is like a ritornelle.

3

She bids me come—but never stay;
I go; she questions, "Why away?"
She is a cruel dream by night;
She is a dear despair by day.

4

In vain I sue with timid sighs;
In vain I woo in ardent wise:
In vain I try the happy mean
That 'twixt the lamb and lion lies.

5

Behold, I have no hope unless
Thou succorest my sore distress!
Oh, wilt thou not the art reveal
To win her heart to tenderness?

6

If thou wilt light this barren gloom,
If thou wilt cause for me to bloom
The flower of love, upon thy shrine
Shall burn the choicest hecatomb!

7

So, ere my wounded spirit faint,
Grant thou the measure of my plaint!
From dole to joy, from bale to bliss,
Raise me, oh, most beloved Saint!

Tastes like "More"

The children say, and the more you give them the more healthy, chubby and strong they will be.

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At the American Capital

THE new members of the House are already appearing in the forum of debate The discussion of the Gold bill gave them an opportunity rarely presented at the opening of a Congress. The gate was up for six days and all were at liberty to enter. Some dropped into the discussion modestly and gracefully, and produced favorable impressions. Others were more energetic. They jumped into the mêlée cap-à pie, and handled themselves with the skill of professional gladiators. The majority, following the example of some of the older members, had carefully prepared their speeches and read them to the House. Not one man in a hundred can read a speech with *éclat*. John J. Ingalls, when a Senator, did it so deftly and acceptably that very few of his listeners discovered it. The manuscript occupied a conspicuous place on his desk. Apparently he paid no attention to it, moving it unconsciously when applauded and taking entire sentences in at a glance. In emphasis, tone, gesture and deliberation he was perfect. Far different is the effect when a Representative holds his manuscript in his hand and reads the speech as he would from a newspaper.

Some Congressmen commit their speeches to memory. Senator Wolcott did this when he first faced the incrusted wisdom of his compeers. He sailed along gracefully and eloquently until interrupted by a question. It distracted his memory. He lost his cue and became disconcerted, but only for an instant. His reserve power was summoned. His training as a lawyer served him well There was no more brilliant advocate in the courts of Colorado. His thoughts began to flow temperately and equably, and his facility of expression asserted itself. He made a speech attracting the attention of the nation, giving him a reputation as an orator second to none. To-day an announcement that Wolcott will speak packs the galleries of the Senate. From that day to the present he has never committed a speech to memory

A DANGEROUS MAN TO HAVE AT LARGE

INSPIRATION, after all, is the secret of success in public discussion. There was little of it in the debate over the Gold bill. The extemporaneous speaker was heard with the delight of the traveler on a desert approaching an oasis. One new member who bore away laurels came from the Pacific Coast. He was Francis W Cushman, the reputed successor of James Hamilton Lewis. The fact is that both Congressmen from Washington were elected at large. It was a scrub race, with two Republicans and two Fusionists as candidates. Lewis was third in the race, and Wesley L. Jones polled sixteen more votes than Cushman. Lewis polled 2482 more votes than his colleague on the Fusion ticket

Whether Cushman or Jones is the successor of Lewis is immaterial; certain it is that Cushman is the antithesis of his predecessor Cushman was born in Virginia and entered active business as a section hand on a railroad. He has a smooth-shaven face, dark hair with an inclination to baldness, and high cheekbones. His features are sharp and angular, but not so sharp as his eyes. They are china blue in color, the pupils glinting with light. He has the legs of Abraham Lincoln, and the face and torso of Alexander H. Stephens. In manner he is plain and unassuming, and walks with a loose-jointed gait. There is nothing exquisite about his raiment. He wears a soft felt hat, a light brown overcoat and loosely fitting clothes. A pair of gold rimmed eye-glasses dangle from a clasp on his waistcoat. Nor is he a conspicuous figure on the floor, although tall lank and thin-legged. He appears perfectly at home, but his voice at times is harsh and inclined to shrillness. Its upper notes recall the high C of the Honorable Lafe Pence. He lacks the marvelous redundancy of adjectives so characteristic of Lewis, but his language is so quaint and original that it would attract attention anywhere—in the city, on the farm, or in the mine. He bubbles with humor, and tells a story in a way peculiarly his own His appearance in the House was heralded as a newspaper event The old story of the Congressman-at-large was credited to him. It was alleged that he was approaching a town where he was billed to make a speech. He stopped at a house on the outskirts to get some water. The farmer's wife stood at the well. Cushman asked after the political sentiment in the settlement

"I do not know what it is," said the woman. "I don't go to political meetings. I heard there was a Congressman at large, and I am a little timid; I think the best thing for me to do is to stick close to home." The same story was told of Charles A Boutelle, of Maine, when he first came to Congress. It has probably been told of every Congressman-at-large since the foundation of the Government

THE WISE MAN WHO WOULD NOT

MR. CUSHMAN was the first of the new orators to appear in debate. His preface was too long. It was some time before he got the ear of the House. The first sentence to attract attention was this:

"There would be no greater inconsistency to me in hearing a man talk of bryanism, biquartism or bibushelism, than to hear any one discourse on the beauties of bimetallism in the sense of using both metals as a standard

A moment afterward he added

"I had rather go down to the bottomless ocean of irretrievable political disaster, battling for an immortal principle, than to ride into the haven of political safety under the flag of repudiation and at the expense of the honor of my country

The sentence sounds strangely like J Hamilton Lewis. It drew applause from both sides of the House.

The orator afterward alluded to the financial despondency characterizing the days of the Cleveland Administration by saying.

"I remember—every member on this floor remembers—the pitiful condition of affairs then that was everywhere apparent to the human eye. In fact, you did not have to see it, if you were similarly situated with me you could feel it.'

Later on came an allusion to the political surprises in the Chicago platform.

"The Democratic party," he said, "immediately furnished the American voter with a brand-new soap bubble, filled with Nebraska wind, and asked them to chase that off over another financial and industrial precipice."

The laughter and applause had hardly subsided before he turned toward the Democratic side of the House, saying.

"Everything you said was going to happen in 1896 failed to happen. Everything you said would not happen did happen. If I were in your place to-day I would be keeping still in six different languages, and praying to a just and merciful God that the American people might forget my promises and prophesies of two years ago

After saying that he had lived away out in the boundless West, far from the throne of grace and the mighty Congressional reservoirs of distilled financial wisdom, he said

"When you pay a debt with a dollar, that destroys the debt; but the dollar is left like the old gourd at the spring around which I played in childhood; every one who came along took a drink out of it, but they didn't eat the gourd. The American people have come to understand from actual experience that they are not so much interested in the amount of money in this country per capita as in the amount of money per pocketa."

DIOGENES ON THE NEBRASKA PLAINS

MR CUSHMAN said that he had once lived in Nebraska and he knew William Jennings Bryan. "I know him as well as if I had been through him with a lantern. The trouble with Bryan, and with most of you gentlemen on the other side, is that in your arguments you are so crooked you cannot walk around the block without meeting yourself on the other side."

This caused prolonged laughter, during which time was called, the gavel fell, and Cushman's speech was ended. It was great in quaintness. The metaphors and similes were telling and original. Mr. Cushman himself, however, correctly criticised it "What I wanted to do," he said afterward, "was to make a speech of more seriousness, with more substantial reasoning; it was in too light a vein. It was more fitted for the stump than for the House."

Whether more fitted for the stump than the House, the speech was answered on the next day in a five minutes' talk by the Honorable John F. Robinson, a Nebraska Democrat He alluded to "the brand new soap bubble filled with Nebraska wind," and said that the soap out of which the bubble was formed came out of the Republican Congressional campaign fund. The wind came from everywhere. The bubble touched the earth for the first time at Tacoma, Washington, and from there rebounded and soared eastward until it landed in the Capitol and exploded in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday afternoon, when the gentleman from Washington spoke. "That gentleman," said he, "is so small compared with the man whom he has assailed with his 'going through Mr. Bryan with a lantern, from an intellectual standpoint, that he could be likened only to a lightning bug wandering through the vast recesses of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky."

Of course Mr. Robinson was warmly applauded at each of these hits. The minority crowded around him and heartily congratulated him

SAM JONES AND THE BABBLING OYSTER

HENRY CASSORTE SMITH, of Adrian, Michigan, culled similar laurels [illegible] attracted the attention of the House in his very first sentence. He began by saying that he thought the House the only place on earth where a man was permitted to talk about silver. "Up in my State," said he, "the man who would attempt to discuss the money question would empty the hall as quickly as if a smallpox sign were hung over the stage"

He admitted that the real opposition have many times been right, but "the trouble is," he added, "that they are never right at the right time. They are like the boy who saw an elephant for the first time. 'Oh, mother,' he cried, 'he is going in the wrong direction.'"

It was a five-minutes' speech, and ended with an anecdote credited to Sam Jones The Rev. Mr. Jones says that he met an old free-silver mollusk the other day in one of his walks.

"Jones," said the mollusk, "where is all that prosperity that you were going to give us?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "it is everywhere. Labor is employed; capital is active; the railroads are overburdened, there is prosperity everywhere.'

"It has not struck me yet," the mollusk observed.

"Well, you know," Jones answered, "it is pretty hard to hit nothing."

Mr. Smith is the successor to General Spaulding. He is a man of intense activity, has an intellectual face, and is said to be an unusually able lawyer. There are three Smiths in the House from Michigan, and Henry C. modestly takes his position as Smith No. 3. He has had a fairly active life since entering politics, for the University of Michigan is within his bailiwick, and the most of its professors are Free-Traders. Mr Smith recently began a suit against the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad to force them to sell mileage tickets at two cents a mile as required by the laws of the State. This lawsuit is attracting attention throughout the country. It has not yet been reached on the docket. If it is decided against the railroad company it will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that such a law is unconstitutional.

A PLURALITY OF SMITHS

AT THE beginning of the present session there were six Smiths in the House One advanced to higher honors on January 1, 1900. He is John Walter Smith, of Maryland. He comes from the Eastern Shore and succeeded Honorable Isaac A Barber. Mr. Smith was a State Senator when elected to Congress; he was a Congressman when elected Governor, and it is possible that he may be Governor when elected United States Senator. There were four Smiths among the new members, but Henry Cassorte Smith is the only one of the four who ventured into the arena while the Gold bill was under consideration

Altogether it was a lively debate, and one that attracted much interest, but it will hardly become memorable. The discussion that will probably arise from the consideration of measures reported from the new Committee on Insular Affairs will undoubtedly prove far more entertaining and instructive. —AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

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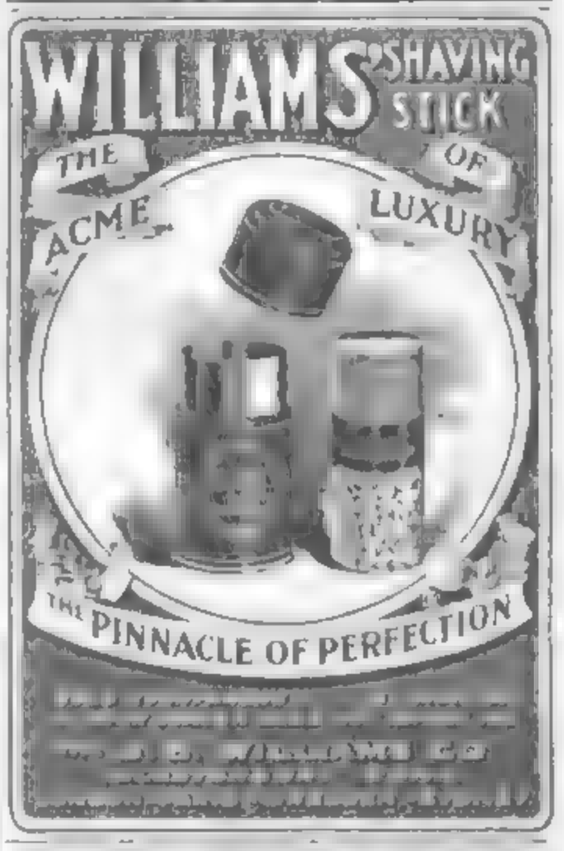

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Home Gymnastics *for the* Business Man

By Dudley A. Sargent, M.D.

Director of Physical Culture at Harvard College

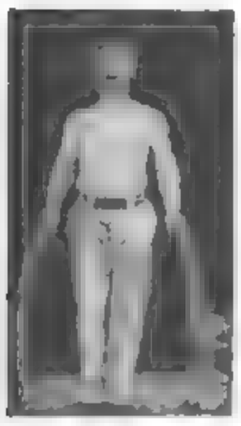


Fig. 1

WE ARE living in an age of rapid transit. The telegraph, the telephone, and the swift-flying mail train and ocean liner have quickened the pulses of life and revolutionized the methods of doing business. How to keep pace with this rapid method of doing things is getting to be a very serious problem with a great many people. Unfortunately, the human organism cannot be too suddenly changed to meet the new requirements to which it may be subjected. A sudden rise or fall in the temperature may bring on a fit of sickness in many persons, and the difficulty in adjusting one's self to a new climate is familiar to all.

The difficulty of adapting one's self to new methods of thinking and acting are no less trying and severe, and a host of persons are breaking down annually in their efforts to do so. It would be the height of folly for a young man to enter an athletic contest at the present day without taking a course of preparatory training to get himself in condition. But the pursuit of a trade, business or profession is no less a struggle, in which those who are best prepared and keep themselves in the best working condition win success, while those who are poorly prepared through lack of a good inheritance or education or who neglect to keep themselves in fine physical condition drop out of the contest and give up the race. Surely it must be apparent to every one that in order not only to attain eminence, but even to hold one's own in the struggles of the business world, a man must always be at his best.

How to keep one's self physically fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of every-day life is a question worthy of consideration. When bicycles are so cheap, gymnasiums so accessible, and boating, golf, rowing, tennis, baseball, bowling and other athletic organizations are so numerous, there is no excuse for not attending to the body's needs on the ground that some particular form of exercise is not in itself interesting or attractive. But there are many who do find a ready excuse—usually lack of time or money—for not availing themselves of those golden opportunities to keep strong and well. To this large class of individuals who find themselves for one reason or another unattached to any of the numerous athletic or gymnastic associations, I offer a few hints and suggestions on home exercise. If these are faithfully carried out they will meet the condition of the average man, and render him better fitted in every way to meet the daily wear and tear of a mentally active, though physically inactive, life.

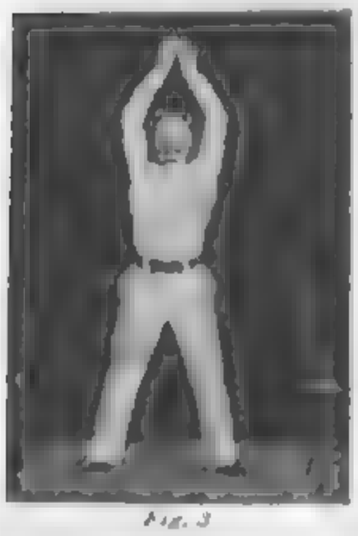


Fig. 3

Fig. 3A

These exercises which I am about to recommend are exceedingly simple and the only requirement on the part of the individual is courage and persistency enough to do them. If these qualities are present and but little can be accomplished without them—good results are sure to follow. This is the course:

Arise in the morning in time to allow yourself about one hour before breakfast. Do not bathe even the hands or face, but put on at once a loose pair of flannel drawers, a flannel shirt and a pair of woolen golf stockings. Do not wear garters or slippers for this exercise, as the garters interfere with the free circulation of the blood in the legs, and the slippers prevent the proper action of the toes upon which a well poised body depends. Open the windows in your sleeping-room, or preferably, go into a room where the windows have been open all night and the air is as fresh and pure as possible.

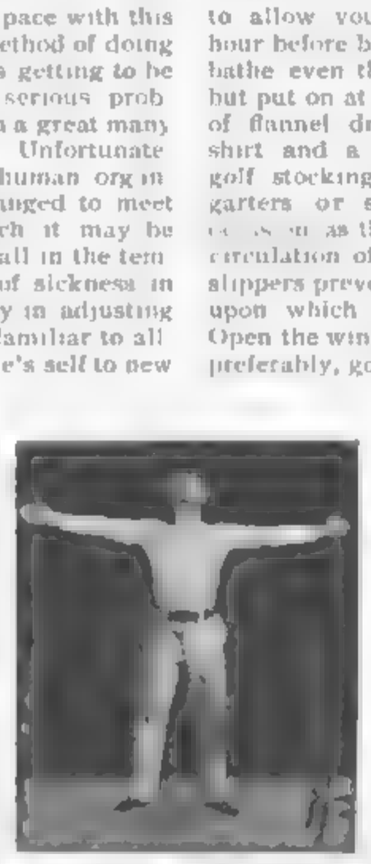


Fig. 2

First Exercise.—Stand between two chairs which you have placed back to back about thirty inches apart (see Figure 1). From this position bend the knees and the arms, allowing the body to sink between the chairs to a depth of about twelve inches; then extend both arms and legs energetically, bringing the body to an upright position. Be sure to keep the head and shoulders well back, and to lessen the resistance put upon the muscles of the arms and chest by doing the greater part of the work with the legs. In no case is it advisable to try to lift the weight of the body between the chairs by the use of the arms alone. Repeat this exercise from twenty to one hundred times.

Second Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twelve inches apart, with the arms extended outward from the sides in a horizontal position (see Figure 2). From this position turn as far round as possible to the left, keeping the left arm fully extended, but allowing the right arm to fold across the chest until the fingers touch the left shoulder (see Figure 2A); now reverse the movement, turning quickly to the right, swinging the right arm well back in a horizontal plane, and allowing the left arm to fold across the chest until the fingers touch the right shoulder.

In doing this exercise concentrate the attention about the muscles of the waist and loins, but use the arms and legs in swaying from side to side in such a way as to modify or intensify the strain put upon the centre of the body. Repeat from twenty to one hundred times in each direction.

Third Exercise.—Stand with feet about twenty inches apart, with the arms held in a vertical position above the head with the backs of the hands touching (see Figure 3). From this position bring the arms downward and sideward, turning the body slightly to the right and bending both the trunk and knees until the hands can be clapped between the legs (see Figure 3A); then raise the arms upward and sideward, extending at the same time both the trunk and legs, until the hands are placed back to back again over the head as in the original position. Now do the same exercise, bringing to the left side, and repeat alternately from right to left from twenty to one hundred times.

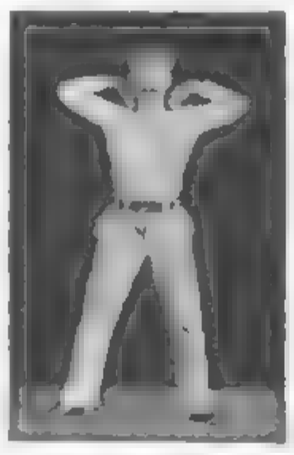


Fig. 4

Fourth Exercise.—Stand with feet about twenty inches apart with tips of the fingers placed upon the shoulders (see Figure 4). From this position thrust the hands and arms downward, bending the knees and rising on the toes until the fingers touch the floor midway between the feet (see Figure 4A). Now come to an upright position, bringing the fingers to the shoulders, and thrust the hands and arms upward to a vertical position above the head. Bring the fingers again to the shoulders, thrust downward to the floor, and return again to the thrust over the head. Repeat from ten to fifty times.

Fig. 4A

Fifth Exercise.—Stand in a natural position with elbows at the sides and finger points touching just under the chin. Raise the elbows out from the sides as high as possible, keeping the fingers of both hands in contact under the chin and elevate the right knee to a horizontal position in front of the body (see Figure 5). Return to the original standing position with elbows at the sides and raise the elbows and left knee. Repeat alternately from forty to one hundred times.

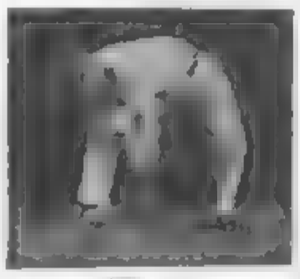


Fig. 5

Sixth Exercise.—Stand with the right foot advanced diagonally forward about thirty inches, with the left arm folded across the small of the back and the right arm extended upward over the head as far as possible (see Figure 6). From this position incline forward, pivoting at the hips, and touch the floor in front of the right foot with the fingers of the right hand (see Figure 6A). Return again to the original position, keeping the right arm rigidly extended and carry it backward as far as possible. Repeat from ten to fifty times, then try the same movement with the left foot advanced, the right arm behind the back and the left arm extended upward and backward.

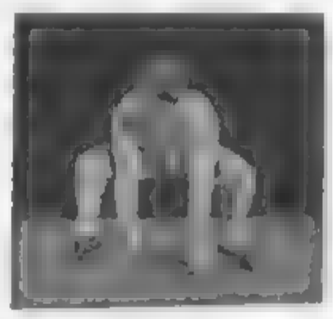


Fig. 6

Seventh Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twenty-four inches apart, with the weight thrown on the right leg and the right arm extended upward and the left arm lowered by the left side (see Figure 7). From this position bring the left arm sideways and upward and carry the right arm sideways and downward, throwing the weight of the body at the same time on to the left foot (see Figure 7A). Continue the exercise, throwing the weight of the body first on one leg and then on the other, bending the right knee and swaying the hips to the right and the shoulders to the

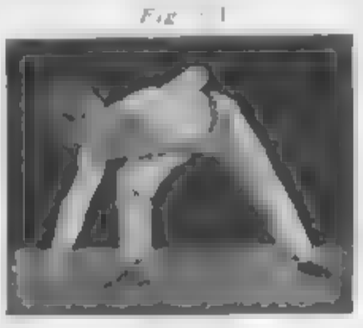
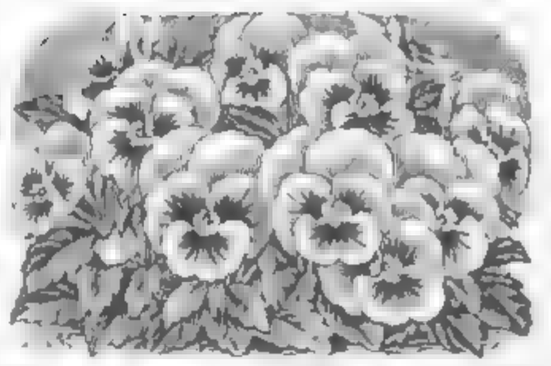


Fig. 7

Fig. 8



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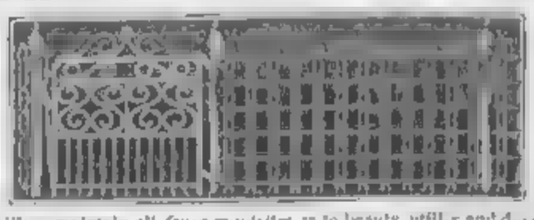

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Fig. 7

left as the right arm swings upward and the left arm downward, and reversing the action of hips, legs and shoulders as the left arm swings upward and the right arm downward. Repeat from thirty to one hundred and twenty times.

Eighth Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twenty-four inches apart and the hands placed together over the right shoulder (see Figure 8). From this position swing the hands down between the legs forcibly, bending the knees slightly at the same time (see Figure 8A). Now bring the hands up over the left shoulder, bending the body backward. Continue the movement by swinging the hands downward again and up over the right shoulder. Repeat alternately from twenty to one hundred times.

Ninth Exercise.—Stand with the feet together in a natural position with the left hand on the hips and the right arm by the side. Raise the right arm upward and sideward to an extended position above the head; at the same time raise the left leg outward and sideward as far as possible, being careful to keep the moving arm and leg rigidly straight (see Figure 9). Repeat from twenty to one hundred times; then try the same movement with the left arm and right leg.

Tenth Exercise.—Stand with the right leg advanced diagonally forward about thirty inches, and the hands held clenched about the height of the hips (see Figure 10). From this position swing the body forward, pivoting at the hips and throwing the weight well on to the right leg. Extend the arms downward until the fingers touch the floor just beyond the right foot (see Figure 10A). Bring the body to an upright position, pulling the arms upward and backward until the hands are again on a level with the hips. The movement is a little like that employed in rowing a boat, and the action may be greatly intensified by leaning well back at the end of each stroke so that the body is on a line with the advanced leg and the weight is shifted from the right to the left foot. Repeat from ten to sixty times, then place the left leg in the advanced position and try the same movement on the left side.

Fig. 9

Eleventh Exercise.—Stand with the right foot advanced about thirty inches in front of the left, with the left arm held upward and forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the right arm held backward and downward parallel with the left leg (see Figure 11). From this position swing the left arm downward and backward, and the right arm forward and upward; at the same time bring the left leg forward and carry the right leg backward until the position is just the reverse of that shown in Figure 11. Now change back again to the first position, and keep changing from the one to the other from thirty to one hundred and fifty times. By hopping twice on each foot between each forward and back movement, and by making the leg and arm movements simultaneous and rhythmical one soon gets into the swing of the exercise and can keep it up for quite a while.

Fig. 10A

Twelfth Exercise.—Stand with the heels together in a natural position, and with the backs of the fingers touching in front of the body (see Figure 12). Now raise the arms forward slowly and upward, keeping the arms straight and the backs of the hands touching until they pass an imaginary point about the height of the eyes; then begin to separate the hands and carry them upward and backward in a great circle until they pass over the head, when they may be returned again slowly sideways and downward to the first position. In lifting the arms upward from the initiatory position begin to take in a full breath, and so regulate the movement and the breathing that the lungs are not fully inflated until the arms are carried well upward and backward over the head. Then let the breath out quickly and forcibly as the arms are brought downward to the sides. This exercise should be repeated from eight to twenty-four times at the rate of six to eight times a minute.

Fig. 8

IN THE above list of exercises the aim has been to make use of a few movements that tend to bring the large muscles of the trunk, arms and legs into gentle activity. If taken in the order in which they are given one may easily pass from one to another without fatigue, as they are arranged to bring one group of muscles into action while the others are resting. Some of the exercises are especially designed to assist the organs of digestion, others to increase the capacity of the lungs, and others to stimulate the action of the heart, but the less one thinks about these things the better. Enter into the exercise with interest and enthusiasm, and work persistently but not violently at them until you get thoroughly warmed up and begin to perspire. This condition should be attained by the time you get through the tenth exercise, and the eleventh exercise will tend slightly to prolong this delightful state of general organic activity. Now do not wait to cool off but, after taking a few of the breathing exercises, go at once to your bathroom and turn on the cold water. By previous arrangement you should see that your bathroom is warm. Having filled the tub about one-fourth full of cold water, take your sponge and while leaning over the tub bathe the arms first, then the chest, neck, shoulders and face freely with plenty of water.

Fig. 11

Having done this, step into the tub with one foot and give the leg two or three spongefuls. Take this foot out after less than half a minute's exposure and put in the other foot and repeat the same process in the same time.

Now wring out the sponge partially and go rapidly over the abdomen, hips and back. Then take a linen towel and go over the whole body as quickly as possible, soaking up the water that may be left on the surface. As soon as this is accomplished, take your rough Turkish towel and go all over the body and limbs, rubbing gently but persistently until the whole surface of the skin is in a glow. This polishing off with the Turkish towel after the bath may be better done in a cooler room than the bathroom if it is accessible, as the reaction following the cold bath may start up the perspiration again if the room is too warm. Where bathrooms are not available the same process may be followed in one's sleeping-room.

Fig. 7A

A system of morning exercises such as I have described, if once earnestly entered upon, will soon get to be a matter of habit, and instead of being irksome will be thoroughly enjoyed. If the reader has any doubts on this matter let him try it a month and see.

The foregoing exercises may be thussummarized: 1, Stand between two chairs. 2, Twisting movement. 3, Clap hands under legs. 4, Touch floor. 5, Raise elbows and knees. 6, Touch toe right and left. 7, Steamboat movement. 8, Wood-chopping. 9, Right leg and left arm. 10, Rowing movement. 11, Two-step run. 12, Breathing exercise.

Fig. 8A

JOHN V. FARWELL'S START

JOHN V. FARWELL is the founder of the great wholesale dry-goods house known as the John V. Farwell Company. Besides being a millionaire and a philanthropist, he is a leader in religious movements and is the founder of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association.

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"I came to Chicago in 1845 with less than four dollars in my pocket. My resources consisted of an iron constitution, a fairly good education, and a strong religious belief.

"I at once set out earnestly to seek employment, and finally secured a position in the City Clerk's office. By virtue of the position I was soon assigned to make reports of the meetings of the City Council, securing for this work extra pay to the amount of two dollars the meeting. Soon, however, I ran against a snag that caused me to meet with shipwreck. In my office reports of the Council proceedings I narrated things exactly as they occurred and this did not please certain Aldermen. Although I received more than an inkling of this, I continued to make accurate reports, and the first thing I knew I was discharged from the employ of the city.

Fig. 10

"The blow was a severe one to me, as work was hard to find; and I was for a time deeply discouraged, but with the elasticity of youth I quickly rallied and soon found a position as bookkeeper for a dry-goods firm. It was in this place that I determined to become a merchant, and although my salary was very small, the work gave me an insight into the dry-goods business. After a time I was offered a position with another house at the magnificent salary of six hundred dollars the year, which enabled me to save a good deal of money. Within five years of my arrival in Chicago I was made a partner in this firm. Ten years later two young men, whose names are now generally familiar, were also admitted to the firm. These two men were Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, and I do not go beyond the truth in claiming to have given them their primary education in business. I have sometimes wondered what would have been my lot if I had stayed in the City Clerk's office."

Fig. 12

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Dr. W. P. Wilson, Founder and Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, an institution which enjoys in the highest degree the confidence of the governments and business men of the entire world, *gave orders for a careful analysis,* in the Museum laboratories, of Yerba Maté Tea. This analysis, which confirms those previously made in South America and Europe, will be published in these pages next month.

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WHAT to READ

At the Court of the Caliph*

HERE we have an exceedingly clever tale of the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid. Great was that Caliph, and ever wonderful must remain his splendid city of Bagdad.

The character celebrated in the title was the famous astrologer and physician, Geber, who dwelt in Tarsus and who was summoned to Bagdad to cure the Caliph's wife. Zobeide, loveliest and most-cherished of Queens, was singularly afflicted. One of her arms projected rigidly at right angles from her body, and nobody could move it until Geber took the sufferer in hand. He treated her most rudely, giving her a great shock—whereupon she moved it herself.

Geber had been to Alexandria, had studied the phenomenon of the tides, and had seen flying-fish. The wisdom of Bagdad did not include a distinguished knowledge of the operations of Nature. It expended itself for the most part in the subtleties of pure philosophy. In the best opinion of Bagdad, a flying-fish was an insect, and the tides occurred every six months and were caused by subterranean fires. It can be imagined that the Caliph, a ruler of practical inclinations, was strongly attracted by the specific knowledge of a traveler and observer like Geber. He had just bestowed upon one of the Bagdad wise men a purse of money and a gold chain for some apparently valuable observations upon a flying-fish which had been caught in the Tigris by a falcon, when Geber presented himself and exposed the fraudulency and worthlessness of the same. Thereupon the pretender groveled at the Caliph's feet, but Haroun took from him the purse and chain and caused him to be set in the stocks and branded across the forehead with the word "Liar!"

In this book, by means of its anecdotes and descriptions, one gets a vivid idea of the great Caliph and his city; and there is, besides, a story of pure romance, full of incident and passion, with intrigues and difficulties a-plenty, and it is all admirably told. We hear the gossip in the baths; we listen to the secrets of the Caliph's harem—secrets that would mean the taking off of a number of very pretty heads if the Caliph himself knew them; we roam the streets with Haroun and sit with him in his court of capricious and astonishing justice; we wander by the hundred mosques, and stifle and shudder in the Caliph's merciless, great prison; we follow poets and soldiers in their love-making; and always there is Geber, strongest of all the characters, stronger even than Haroun himself, for the Caliph could not bend the Queen's arm, and he knew nothing about flying-fish or the tides until Geber told him.

We notice on page 59: "I fear not death, nor thou, nor any man." Here, of course, "thou" should be "thee." We have noticed also two instances of the split infinitive, and in one case "transpire" is used in the sense of "occur." But there are few flaws to pick in the story; it is a remarkably good piece of writing. —*E. D. Beach.*

The Critic's Office

NOTHING is more alluring to the average book-buyer than a "set" of volumes, a series of publications bound alike, and presenting in their uniformity a pleasant aspect to any order-loving eye. Nothing is more agreeable to the average reader than to have these "sets" cover a great deal of ground in a rapid and desultory fashion, so that by their aid much information can be easily acquired and forgotten. Our library shelves are accordingly burdened with rows of little books about Men of Letters, and English Worthies and Great Statesmen, and gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in any walk of life; and now a new series is projected by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, the initial volume of which has already been given to the public.

Modern English Writers—by which is meant writers recently deceased, like Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Froude and Mr. Ruskin, or, not to mention names, writers not yet deceased, but equally incapable of protest—are to furnish themes for these brief biographies. Mr. George Saintsbury, who leads the way with a life of Mr. Matthew Arnold, has been apparently selected for the difficult task because of his cold hostility to Mr. Arnold's cherished convictions, his distaste for the bulk of Mr. Arnold's work. He tells us, indeed, in a preface, that it is his endeavor to "help the reader who wants criticism"; but we doubt if any reader wants quite so much criticism on quite these lines.

It is easy to point out the inadequacy of Mr. Arnold's arguments on political and religious subjects; it is easier still to find occasional flaws in his verse; but a helpful critic might be better employed in showing a stupid world how the author of Culture and Anarchy and The Study of Celtic Literature upheld by precept and by example the dignity of letters and of life.

To dwell tediously upon Mr. Arnold's "false rhymes," "imperfect phrases" and "sham simplicities and pedantries" is as little real aid as to make enigmatic remarks about "the equivalenced octosyllables of the Coleridgean stamp," or "trochaic decasyllables of a rococo kind." Even sham pedantry might be better than this, and sham simplicity a genuine relief.

Mr. Saintsbury is of the opinion that Mr. Arnold was less "a man of ideas"—which it seems was his not unnatural ambition—than "a man of theories or crotchets." He wrote "respectable" verse—"respectable" is Mr. Saintsbury's favorite adjective in describing it—and agreeable prose, but his taste was often "hopelessly bad," and he was unfamiliar with "literary history." As a consequence, it would appear, of this lamentable unfamiliarity, he penned a "disparaging passage" on M. Gautier, "of whom," says his biographer severely, "I suspect Mr. Arnold knew little, and whom he was not quite fitted to judge, had he known more."

This is staggering. Whether Mr. Arnold had or had not read M. Gautier it would now be a trifle difficult to discover; but why, if he had read him, should he be "not quite fitted" to offer a criticism upon this charming but fallible Frenchman? It is true the disparaging passage indicated a lack of sympathy, a distaste, not wholly unreasonable, for M. Gautier's mental attitude, a limited appreciation of his power. Because Mr. Saintsbury's little volume is brimful of such disparaging passages, because disparagement chills every page, it may be that he is "not quite fitted" to assign to Mr. Arnold his place in the literature of England.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

THE FOUR-MASTED CATBOAT

Driven by a strong wind from two quarters

A Nautical Paradox*

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, the author of this treatise on navigation, deserves recognition, if nothing worse. His writing is wholly mechanical, because he prefers the typewriter—an it, not a she.

It is long since Mr. Loomis has given so important a work to the public; he isn't giving books away, as a rule. But we recall the unfortunate history of his previous venture. We refer, of course, to the Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen, which, since its first appearance in 1732, has been rather discredited as a serious contribution to meteorology. In fact, we recall this unfortunate incident in our author's career merely to assert that he has lived it down. He is now qualified to write essays upon Descartes that would not be approached by those who knew what was in them, and his opinion upon Chaldaic grammar would have as much dead weight as that of any man of his inches.

Still, excepting his well-known poem, Beautiful Snow, Mr. Loomis has produced few masterpieces of eminent value—such as Trilby, Ben-Hur, David Harum, Robert Elsmere and Janice Meredith, and some of these, we believe, still find purchasers. But the Four-Masted Catboat is of course superior to them all in its clear-sighted psychological analysis of the Wagnerian Trilogy, though less succinct in epigrammatic conservatism of etymology. Besides, it is cheaper and quite as well illustrated.

Mr. Loomis (we give the statement for what it is worth) has no objection to the sale of this book at the retail price, as he is quite at ease in the presence of royalties. The volume costs no more than others of the same price, and is sold complete, with two covers and numbered pages. We understand that the proceeds of the book will contribute to the author's support, and that he is willing to keep right on writing on reasonable terms. A generous public should ask no more.

To sum up—the book is one of clean, bright American humor, and as funny as it is individual. I wish it had been written by

—*Tudor Jenks.*

A Blast on My Own Horn

ONE must needs be a good musician to blow his own horn so that it shall not jar other folks' sensibilities—and I never studied music. If I praise the book people will say, "He is prejudiced in favor of it because he wrote it." Whereas if I say it is poor the same people will cry out: "That is merely a pose of his; he likes the book but thinks it not politic to say so."

The Four-Masted Catboat must be a good book or it would not bear the imprint of the company that publishes it. Papers like the Springfield Republican and the New York Mail and Express have said awfully nice things about it, so there we have a big publishing company and some leading critics who agree that the book is worth buying. It is full of very good pictures—pictures that are funny and that really illustrate the text, and that show that Miss Florence Scovel read the book and presumably liked it, or else she would have fallen down on her pictures. Publishers, critics, artist—unanimous.

I can testify to one thing: the stories that make up the book were not ground out—they were all written *con amore*.

Indeed, they were all written to amuse me. I need to be amused, and, as I live a hundred miles from any library and cannot afford to buy other peoples' books, I simply had to amuse myself. If the public finds them amusing also, what more can I ask?

But to the criticism. If you want to know what are the best things in the book, turn to those gathered under the heading At the Literary Counter. But they're all goo—no, I mean they're not so bad, any of them. They won't teach you to be better. I can't do that. But they won't teach you to be any worse—Heaven forbid.

I find them sadly lacking in continuity of thought. No sooner is one finished than another entirely different is begun, and that is irritating. I really don't believe that I'd care to read them through again in their entirety—I've done it so often, you know—but it's different with you, reader, *dear* reader. That you haven't read the Four-Masted Catboat and Other Truthful Tales, and that that pleasure may be in store for you is the earnest wish of the reviewer,

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

*Geber. By Kate A. Benton. *The F. A. Stokes Co.*

*The Four-Masted Catboat and Other Truthful Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis. *The Century Company.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have been investigating the matter of municipal ownership of public utilities and, among many interesting points, find that very many places have demonstrated by practical test that three-cent street-car fare will pay interest on a fair investment, and pay five per cent. sinking fund; which will pay off the purchase money in twenty years. In addition to this it will pay better wages and give shorter hours of labor. So a five-cent fare for a twenty-year franchise, taking four cents the day needlessly from the poor to give to the speculator, amounts to $249.60 from each man, woman and child that has to ride to work. That is a heavy tax on the poor, and is cruel because needless. About the same proportion applies to other things—gas, telephone service, etc. If the people will use their heads a little more they will get much more from the use of their hands.

Chicago, Illinois. ALLEN HENRY SMITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In this free and independent country of ours young America is taught from boyhood that he is the equal of any and all.

Now, though this may be true in the abstract, practically it is all false and one of the greatest detriments to a young man's success in life. He is free, to be sure—free to lay out his own life work, free to take advantage of the thousand and one opportunities that present themselves in this country as in no other, but he is not independent, nor will he ever be.

The richest and most successful American of to-day is dependent on some one to carry out plans which he may devise. There is not a prominent man of the present time who does not admit this dependence.

The young man who in a humble position takes pleasure in making himself agreeable to those with whom he comes in contact has, in my mind, made a long step on the road to success, and if he puts himself to some inconvenience his chances are all the better. If he is diplomatic and is eagerly watching the chance to advance the interests of his employer he is advancing his own chances.

So many young men feel that when they have put a sum in their employer's pocket equal to what they receive for their work that their duty is done. To any young man who feels this way let me say his day of usefulness is over. A young man's loyalty to his employer is only loyalty to himself and is sure to be repaid in time.

Honesty of purpose, devotion to that which your hand finds to do, a determination to win the good-will of people, backed by true politeness, will win for any young man an enviable position in life.

Detroit, Michigan. A. H. GRIFFITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Supplementary to Major-General O. O. Howard's article on The Elements of Success, permit me to relate an incident which in a large measure indicates the care with which General Howard laid the foundation of his successes.

At the time I speak of General Howard was in command of the Army of the Tennessee, comprising three Grand Army corps, and held the right of General Sherman's Army closing in on the City of Atlanta, then valiantly defended by General Hood with his ragged veterans who, though ragged as to uniforms, always seemed to have their guns in good working order.

The flanking movement which ended in the capture of Atlanta was about to begin, when two regiments of cavalry, the Seventh Ohio and Ninth Michigan, commanded by Colonel Israel Garrard, were ordered by General Howard to reconnoitre the dense forests in front of Howard's flanking column of nearly 40,000 infantry. Owing to the dense undergrowth in the Southern forest our cavalry was not able to operate mounted, and we went into the forest on foot as skirmishers at intervals of about thirty paces. We had an alert enemy somewhere in front of us, and it was our duty to locate this wide-a-wake foe. We advanced with the utmost caution, and every cavalryman had his finger on the trigger of his gun. Our line of skirmishers extended the distance of nearly a mile in Howard's front, and forty thousand men of the Army of the Tennessee were concealed behind our thin blue line.

We had advanced nearly a mile on the beginning of the grand flanking movement to the right when that part of the skirmish line, of which I was a part, was startled by hearing the breaking of twigs in our rear, indicating the presence of a possible enemy in exactly the wrong place. The undergrowth in the forest was so dense that it was impossible to see beyond thirty paces, and our advancing line instinctively halted to develop the cause of the unexpected noises. The veteran cavalrymen stood prepared to meet what might come, and their seven-shooting Spencer carbines were ready for quick action. The noise in our rear was slight, but enough to put us on our guard. We waited a few seconds, when we observed a moving of the bushes, indicating that some one was coming toward us.

Soon we made out two officers in the United States Army uniforms, and as they came nearer I observed that one of the officers wore a hat out of which the crown had been torn, and that his black hair rose above the place where the crown of his hat should have been. By this time the officers were near by, and, much to my surprise, one of them—the one whose hair stuck out of the top of his hat—wore the shoulder-straps of a Major-General, and in my next quick glance I noticed that he had only one arm. It was Major-General O. O. Howard, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and one of his aides.

The General explained his presence on the line of skirmishers by saying that he wanted to see the "lay of the land," and I add that, judging from after events, he was laying the foundation of the success which was justly his in the grand flanking movement then in progress.

Never before during the Civil War had I seen a Major-General on the cavalry skirmish line, and this one incident gave me an exalted regard for General Howard.

THEODORE F. ALLEN,
Formerly Captain Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Brevet-Colonel United States Volunteers, Wilson's Cavalry Corps.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with much interest the articles published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Why Young Men Fail. A writer who deals with the question from the standpoint of the young man attributes the lack of success in the majority of cases to the fact that the young man is not "in love with his work"—is not doing the work for which he is fitted. In other words, he is not able to subject his natural inclinations to his environment. This covers the matter very thoroughly with one exception: he does not consider the question of remuneration, which, after all, is the main question.

Every merchant requires help in some form. It may be a bookkeeper, a salesman, a stenographer, a clerk. He may require one man or one hundred.

Let us suppose the case of a boy fifteen years old who is starting out to work for the first time. After a few efforts—and in some cases, many efforts—he succeeds in getting a position as clerk in a store. It matters not what they sell; he must have work. There are perhaps two or three other employees in the same place. Every one is familiar with the type of establishment to which I refer.

When he calls to see the proprietor he is received pleasantly, and after the usual preliminaries he is told that there is a wide field for that particular business; that he will have a splendid chance to learn the business, etc. The young man then timidly approaches the subject of salary.

"Well," the employer answers, "we don't pay very high salaries at the beginning. We will give you three dollars and raise you as we go along."

The young man, filled with the bright promises which have been made to him, grasps at the "opportunity" and accepts the position. He does not mind the small salary. "Oh, that's all right; I will be raised soon," he says to himself. Alas! for his hopes.

He works very hard and steadily. At the end of six months he supposes he knows a little about the business and expects the promised increase. With eager face and trembling hands he receives the pay envelope. One glance at the figures on it and his heart falls within him. The raise is there. Yes, on the yellow envelope appears—$3.50.

After the first disappointment is over he says to himself: "Well, I'll do better next time." Another long wait, with a similar result. Still he hopes, and keeps on working.

At the end of two years he complains to the employer. That worthy laughs and says: "More money! Why, we can get all the boys we want for less than you are getting. No; we cannot do any better just now."

The result is that the young man sees how he has been deceived, and leaves.

Time goes on and he reaches his majority. He has changed from one business to another and consequently is master of none. Yet there he is, discouraged, disheartened. What can he do?

He is ambitious and willing. He dare not leave his ten-dollar position, fearing that he may not get another as good. What will become of him? Who knows? Who cares?

The thought will at once present itself to the reader: "Why doesn't he get another position? Why doesn't he get work in some place where his services will be appreciated? In some of the larger stores or offices?"

Yes. Why doesn't he?

We cannot all work in large stores or offices.

If he had been paid living wages in the beginning he would no doubt have remained in the original position, and would then have had an opportunity to become master of the business.

I want it understood that I do not refer to the listless, lethargic clock-workers, but to the ordinary, ambitious young man, without influence, with nothing but himself to depend on. I might also add that what I have said is not a mere supposition, but the facts of an actual case. D. J. GREEN.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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The Singular Sang-Froid Displayed By Baby Bunting

BARTHOLOMEW BENJAMIN BUNTING had only three passions in life,
And one of the trio was hunting, and two were his babe and his wife;
And therefore, so rigid his habits, he frolicked at home until two,
And then began hunting for rabbits, and hunted till fall of the dew.

Belinda Bellonia Bunting, thus widowed for half of the day,
Her duty maternal confronting, with young Baby Bunting would play.
When thus was her energy wasted, a patented food she'd dispense.
(She had bought it the day that they pasted the posters all over her fence.)

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting (the infant thus blindly adored)
Replied to her worship by grunting, which showed he was brutally bored.
'Twas little he cared for the troubles of life. Like a crab on the sands
He blew a profusion of bubbles, and threatened the air with his hands.

Bartholomew Benjamin Bunting one night when his wife let him in,
Displayed as the fruit of his hunting a cottontail's velvety skin,
Which, seeing young Bonaparte wriggle, he gave him without a demur,
And the babe with an aqueous giggle soon swallowed the whole of the fur!

Belinda Bellonia Bunting behaved like a consummate loon;
Her infant in frenzy confronting, she screamed herself mottled maroon;
She felt of his vertebrae spinal, expecting the babe to succumb,
And gave him one vigorous final hard prod in the pit of his tum.

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting, at first but a trifle perplexed,
By a change in his manner of grunting soon showed he was terribly vexed;
He displayed not a sign of repentance, but spoke in a dignified tone,
The only consecutive sentence he'd uttered. 'Twas, "Lemme alone!"

THE MORAL: The parent that uses precaution his folly regrets.
An infant gets all that he chooses, an infant chews all that he gets:
And colics? He constantly has 'em so long as his food is the best;
But he swallows with never a spasm what ostriches couldn't digest.

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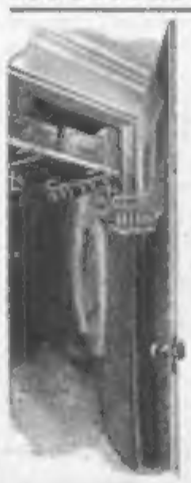

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